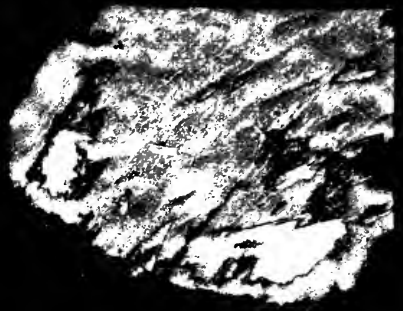
First Church in Boston

250th Anniversary

1630–1880



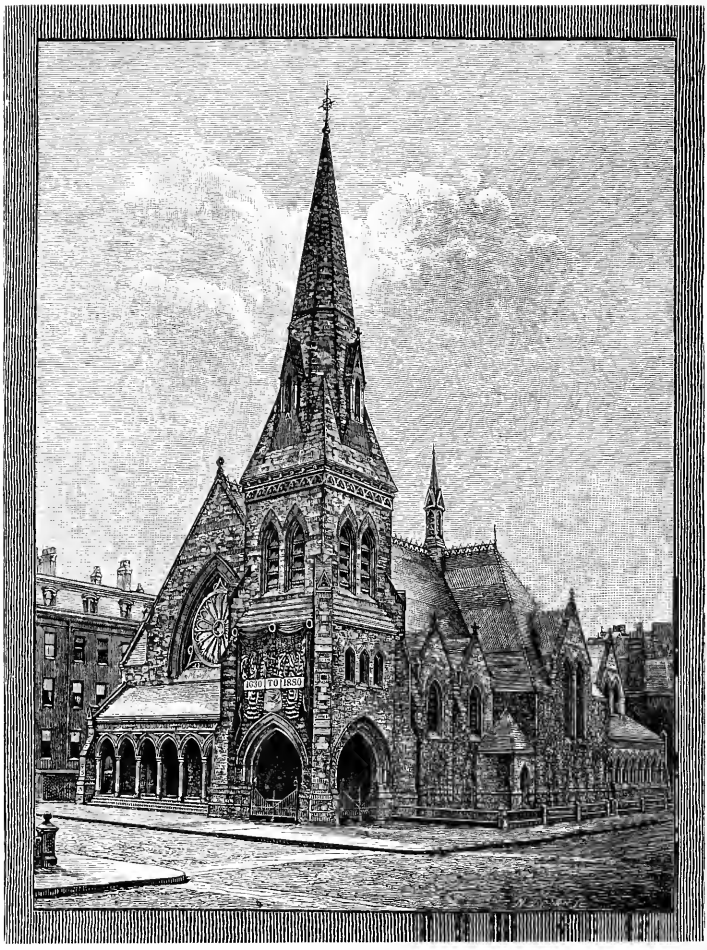
THE COMMEMORATION

BY THE

FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON

OF THE

COMPLETION OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY
YEARS SINCE ITS FOUNDATION.



FIFTH HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

CORNER OF BERKELEY AND MARLBOROUGH STREETS.

1868.

THE COMMEMORATION

BY THE

FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON

OF THE

Completion of Two Hundred and Fifty Years

SINCE ITS FOUNDATION.

ON THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1880.

ALSO

FOUR HISTORICAL SERMONS.

With Illustrations.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE SOCIETY.

BOSTON:
HALL AND WHITING.
1881.

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.

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PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

AT the annual meeting of the Proprietors of the First Church in Boston, held April 15, 1879, G. WASHINGTON WARREN, Moderator, having suggested the propriety of taking early measures to prepare for a suitable celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the church, which would occur next year (1880), it was

Voted, "That the Standing Committee of the Parish, with the Pastor and Deacons of the Church, be appointed a committee to consider and report at the next annual meeting, what day shall be selected and what arrangements shall be made for the observance of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary."

The officers of the Parish and of the Church had several meetings, at which the minister was present by their invitation. The result of their deliberations was embodied in the following Report, which was presented at the annual meeting of the Parish held on the third Tuesday of April (20th), 1880, and unanimously adopted.

REPORT.

The Committee appointed to consider and report what measures should be adopted for the due observance of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of

the First Church in Boston, and what day should be designated therefor, respectfully report: —

They find that already considerable interest has been awakened on the subject, and that a general feeling is manifested in favor of a suitable commemoration. They propose that Thursday, the 28th day of October next, be selected for the services, that being about the time, as nearly as can now be ascertained, when the church came over from Charlestown to worship in Boston in 1630. They also recommend that all the arrangements for the commemoration be put in charge of a committee of twelve, as at least four sub-committees will be required to carry out all the details, as invitations and speaking, decoration and music, entertainment and finance.

It has also been suggested that an historiographer be appointed who shall collect and prepare for publication the materials for a memorial of this eventful period in the history of the church. It is understood that the First Church will be invited also to participate in some way in the Municipal Celebration of the 17th of September, and that on the Sunday preceding the 28th October, our pastor will deliver a Commemorative Discourse.

The Committee recommend the adoption of the accompanying vote.

Per order of the Committee,

G. Washington Warren.

Voted, "That a Committee of Twelve be appointed from the Parish, who shall make all the arrangements necessary for the proper celebration, on Thursday, the 28th day of October next, of the completion of two hundred and fifty years since the foundation of the First Church in Boston; and that they also cause to be prepared a suitable memorial volume, containing the addresses and incidents of the celebration, and such other historic matter connected with the Church as may be deemed appropriate."

The Committee of Twelve were then appointed as follows: —

NATHANIEL THAYER.	JAMES C. WHITE.
G. WASHINGTON WARREN.	ASA P. POTTER.
GEORGE W. WALES.	JOSEPH B. MOORS.
MRS. GEORGE O. SHATTUCK.	THOMAS MINNS.
MRS. GEORGE S. HALE.	WILLIAM F. MATCHETT.
MISS GERTRUDE ELLIS.	THOMAS O. RICHARDSON.

And to this Committee the minister was added.

The Committee was soon organized, and held frequent meetings. It became apparent that, for various reasons, the commemoration should be postponed to a later day than that first decided upon.

On June 19th the following Report was made at a Special Meeting of the Proprietors, called for that purpose, by Thomas O. Richardson, on behalf of the Committee: —

SECOND REPORT.

That the Committee duly organized by the choice of NATHANIEL THAYER as President, GEORGE W. WALES as Vice-President, THOMAS O. RICHARDSON as Secretary. The vacancies caused by the declination of Mrs. GEORGE S. HALE and Mrs. GEORGE O. SHATTUCK were filled by the choice of Hon. GEORGE S. HALE and Mrs. JACOB C. ROGERS, who have accepted the positions, and the Committee is now full.

Before the Committee had proceeded far in perfecting their plans for the celebration, it was observed that the day fixed upon for the celebration, Thursday, the 28th day of October, was just on the eve of the Presidential election, which may prove to be a time of great political excitement, and it was thought best by the Committee to ask the Society to pass a vote authorizing the Committee to fix some other day for the celebration.

It was also mentioned by those members of the Com-

mittee most familiar with the history of the past, that the Society formed in Charlestown, Aug. 27, 1630, was not fully removed to and established in Boston till November of that year, and if the day of the celebration was now to be fixed for the first time, November would be a more appropriate month than October.

It was further learned that some whom it would be very desirable to have take part in the celebration have such engagements in other cities that their presence could not be expected till November.

THOMAS O. RICHARDSON, *Secretary.*

Whereupon it was unanimously

Voted, "That the Committee on the celebration of the completion of two hundred and fifty years since the foundation of the First Church in Boston have authority, if they deem it expedient, to fix some other day than Thursday, Oct. 28, 1880, for that celebration."

Under the authority of this vote, the Committee fixed upon Thursday, November 18th, at two o'clock, P.M., as the time for the commemoration. The following subcommittees were appointed, who were to report their recommendations to the General Committee for their approval: —

On Speakers and Order of Exercises.

NATHANIEL THAYER. JOSEPH B. MOORS.
RUFUS ELLIS. GEORGE S. HALE.
GEORGE W. WALES. THOMAS O. RICHARDSON.

On Music and Decorations.

JAMES C. WHITE. MISS GERTRUDE S. ELLIS.
WILLIAM F. MATCHETT. MRS. J. C. ROGERS.
THOMAS MINNS.

On Invitations, Circulars, Tickets, and Printing.

G. WASHINGTON WARREN. THOMAS MINNS.
THOMAS O. RICHARDSON.

1630. 1880.

The First Church in Boston

Cordially invites

to attend the commemorative services in honor of its completion of

Two Hundred and Fifty Years,

Thursday, November 18th at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Church corner of Berkeley & Marlborough Streets.

Nathaniel Thayer, President, } of the Committee
George W. Wales, Vice Pres't, } of Arrangements.

C. Washington Warren, }
Thomas C. Richardson, } Committee on Invitations.
Thomas Winn. }

Boston, November 3rd 1880.

Please favor the Committee with a reply by the 10th instant when a Ticket will be sent on your acceptance.

On Finance.

JOSEPH B. MOORS. WILLIAM F. MATCHETT.
ASA P. POTTER.

On Memorial Volume.

RUFUS ELLIS. WILLIAM F. MATCHETT.
G. WASHINGTON WARREN. THOMAS MINNS.
GEORGE W. WALES.

In addition to the sub-committees, G. WASHINGTON WARREN and GEORGE S. HALE were appointed a committee to confer with the authorities of the City of Boston, as to the participation of the First Church in Boston in the city celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, to be held on September 17, 1880. In the conferences which this committee had with His Honor the Mayor and the Celebration Committee on the part of the city, it was determined that the minister of the First Church should be the chaplain of the day; that its committee should be represented in the city procession, and also at the festival to be held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of September 16.

In pursuance of this arrangement, G. WASHINGTON WARREN was called upon by his Honor the Mayor to respond on behalf of the First Church, at the festival in Faneuil Hall, which he did in the following manner: —

ADDRESS OF HON. G. WASHINGTON WARREN AT THE FANEUIL HALL RECEPTION.

MR. MAYOR, — In responding to the call to speak in behalf of the First Church in Boston, I may say that, like that church and like this good town of Boston, I had my origin in Charlestown. I was born, sir, within a stone's-throw of the spot where the first Court of Assistants was held, and where Governor John Winthrop for the first time on the soil of Massachusetts unrolled the charter which he

brought over from England. It always has seemed to me that a statue of Winthrop holding the invaluable charter ought to be erected upon that spot; or, at least, some memorial should be placed there to distinguish that great historic event.

Before forming a town, however, and before taking measures to constitute a commonwealth, the first thing which Winthrop and his associates did was to form a church, — showing that the chief object which they had in mind, and what they came here under so many privations to secure, was the free, unmolested worship of God, according to the dictates of their own consciences. And this first work which they did has lasted to this day. The First Church has now precisely the same form of covenant, in precisely the same words, which was framed and signed by Winthrop, by Isaac Johnson, — the husband of the Lady Arbella, — by Deputy-Governor Dudley, by John Wilson, the first minister, and the others. This was on July 30, 1630. The first Court of Assistants was held on the 23d of August following, at which the first thing determined upon was how the ministers should be maintained. This was fifteen days before Boston was named.

The difference between the first house of worship erected by Winthrop and his associates, the low, mud-plastered building at the corner of State and Devonshire streets, and the tasteful temple which their successors now hold, at the corner of Berkeley and Marlborough streets, marks, as well as any other illustration which can be given, the advance which these two hundred and fifty years have brought about. But the most interesting memorial we have in our present elegant architectural church edifice is the original church covenant, inscribed on one of the stained-glass windows. By this we testify that, whatever change and progress may be brought about by prosperity in material things, there need be no change in the expression of Christian fellowship. Governor Winthrop, we are told, often, in

the absence of his minister, exhorted in the church. And this grace, or at least the faculty of exhibiting it, has been shared by his successors in office.

We of the First Church in Boston cheerfully co-operate with you, sir, and the other fathers of the city, in seeking to pay honor to the memory of John Winthrop, your founder and our founder. No character, during the centuries of modern history, is more illustrious for those peculiarly combined qualities of persistency and resignation, of courage and meekness, of firmness and conciliation, which he exhibited in the accomplishment of his great work, — the founding of a Christian commonwealth. Moses, in leading the Israelites through the wilderness, did not show greater faith and courage than did Winthrop when he pioneered his fleet of ten ships to these inhospitable shores. Whatever good influence Massachusetts has exerted, what she is and what she has been, may be traced back to the good seed which he brought with him and planted here.

Mr. Mayor, the motto on our city seal — *Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis* — is an official acknowledgment of the providence of God, and a perpetual prayer for its continuance. This is the lesson of the hour. As long as in church and in school and in daily life the providence of God is devoutly recognized, we need fear no evil.

By a felicitous arrangement, the Commemoration Services on the part of the city, on September 17th, were held in the Old South Meeting-house, so closely associated with many of the great historic events which transpired in Boston during its last century and a half; and, in order to prevent any delay or confusion, they were appointed to be held at nine o'clock in the forenoon, before the splendid pageant of the procession. This, although a novel, was a very judicious and appropriate course of proceeding on the part of the city, and is worthy of imitation in the future.

As the minister of the First Church was spending his vacation abroad at this time, his place as chaplain of the day was supplied, at his request, by his brother Rev. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D., of Boston, formerly minister of the Harvard Church in the Charlestown District of the city, but at this time a parishioner of the First Church, which he most acceptably represented on this interesting occasion.

In the oration delivered by His Honor FREDERICK O. PRINCE, the Mayor, the following appropriate reference was made to the historic connection of the First Church with the old town of Boston, closing with a just tribute to its present minister: —

"Among the first acts of the colonists upon their arrival in New England was the formation of a church. The covenant was signed July 30, 1630, and this was the foundation of the First Church of Boston. The meetings of the congregation were originally held under the shade of an oak-tree, literally a house not made with hands. The first meeting-house was built in 1632, and was said to have had mud walls and a thatched roof. It was located in State Street, where Brazer's Building now stands. In 1639 a new house was built on the site in Washington Street, now occupied by Joy's Building. The cost was paid by the weekly church collections. This fact is interesting as showing that thus early the people of Boston initiated the policy of supporting religion by voluntary contributions, without recourse to rates or taxation by law. In 1711 the house was destroyed by fire and rebuilt. In 1808 the society removed to a new meeting-house on Chauncy Street, where it remained until 1868, when it removed to the beautiful church on Berkeley Street, where, under the charge of its present excellent pastor, it is successfully performing its Christian work. *Esto perpetua!*"

In the procession which followed and constituted the great public demonstration of the day, the First Church was represented by the acting chaplain and a part of the Committee, in the carriages with the other invited guests.

The foregoing brief account of the participation of "the First Church in Boston" in the late imposing celebration of the city is here included, not only for the reason that the elegant edition of the Memorial Volume published by the city is already exhausted, but also because it seemed to fall within the province of the Committee, as indicated in the first Report to the Parish, to make arrangements for uniting in some way with the city authorities, and to put upon their own record, as well, the results of their doings. It will be seen that the close connection between the old church and the old town of Boston was duly recognized in both celebrations of their common jubilee.

During the absence of the minister in Europe, Mr. ARTHUR B. ELLIS attended, by invitation, the general meetings of the Committee.

Invitations to the celebration of the First Church were extended to the ministers of churches formed in Massachusetts before 1650, to the churches formed directly from the First Church, to various ministers and bishops, Romanist and Protestant, of all the different denominations; to the President of the United States, the Governor of Massachusetts, the Mayor of Boston; to many other prominent citizens, and to the Vicar of St. Botolph, and others, of Boston, England. Admission to the floor of the church was by ticket only; the gallery was thrown open to the public. The half of the floor north of the broad aisle was reserved for invited guests, the other half for the members of the society and their friends. The arrangements were so complete, and were so well carried out by the Committee and the ushers in attendance, and the services of the pulpit and the choir, the public addresses and the poem,

were all so excellent, so elevated and catholic in spirit, that the occasion will be remembered as a fit observance of one of the most interesting anniversaries connected with the history of Boston and of Massachusetts.

Simultaneously with these proceedings, Mr. ARTHUR B. ELLIS, son of the minister, was busily engaged in collecting materials for a complete history of the First Church in Boston; and having received sufficient encouragement, he announced his intention to prepare and publish the work on his own responsibility. Rev. GEORGE E. ELLIS will assist him in the revision, and will write the Preface. The Committee, therefore, took no steps towards the appointment of an historiographer, as contemplated in the Report of the Standing Committee and Deacons above-mentioned, and they have omitted in this volume much matter which would otherwise have been inserted. The work of Mr. ELLIS will be published in a style similar to this volume, and may be deemed a companion to it. The two together may serve the important purpose of perpetuating a worthy record of the most interesting events in the history of this ancient church, and of the late most successful and satisfactory Commemoration.

The Committee on the Memorial Volume, having been intrusted with the preparation of this work, have caused it to be illustrated by the views of the two former houses of worship and of the present church edifice; and also by photographs of the first and of the present minister, and of Mr. NATHANIEL THAYER, one of the descendants of Rev. JOHN COTTON, and one who for many years was Chairman of the Standing Committee, and whose counsel and valuable aid have always been liberally bestowed.

CARBON PHOTO. ALLEN & ROWELL.

Roger Wolcott.

HISTORICAL SERMONS

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST IN BOSTON.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS, D.D.

HISTORICAL SERMONS.

I.

"For he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." — *Heb.* xi. 10.

ON Thursday of this week we hope to commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of this church; but I must not fail to say that the 30th of July, Old Style, or the 9th of August, New Style, and not the 18th of November, was the birthday of our religious congregation. We can plead as apologies for our delay only those habits of modern life, even in our Northern city, which make a midsummer gathering all but impossible, and the fact that until the autumn of the year 1630 the Sunday worship of First Church was divided between Charlestown and Boston, and this church had not become the First Church of Christ in Boston. Our last Half-Century Sermon was preached by my predecessor in this ministry, on the 29th of August, 1830; after the time, because, perhaps, the summers were already unfavorable to the assembling of city congregations. You might ask me to bring up the story of our church for the last

fifty years; but this has already been done, — partly when Dr. Frothingham took leave of you as your minister, and partly by myself as we have passed from one house of worship to another, or have come to one and another stage of our journeying together. And so I am rather moved to go back to the beginning, and from the beginning to advance a little way forward through the years when this church and this town were one, and the congregation not only the First, but the only church of the infant community, — that is, from July 30, 1630, to June 5, 1650, at which time the Second Church was gathered, — a very stirring period in the lives of the Old and of the New England, — lives which were indeed far more than now one life, though Old and New were then weeks or months apart, and not, as now, only moments.

On that midsummer day, which we recall as our birthday, four Englishmen came together for a most solemn act, in a spot on the north side of Charles River, which the natives called Mishawam, and which had already got the name of Charleton or Charlestown. All of them leaders, one of them, John Winthrop, who is richly entitled to be first named, was *the* leader of some thousand men and women, who crossed, between the spring and winter of 1630, from England to the Bay of Massachusetts. Of these, one hundred and fifty, under Winthrop's guidance, had found their way to the banks of the Mystic and the Charles, the germs of a new commonwealth in

their minds and hearts. They were loyal subjects of England's king, and, in their free fashion, loving children of England's Church; but in the State and in the Church they had found themselves straitened in the dear old home. Conforming as far as they honestly could to the ancient order, they still longed for a larger liberty, and a ministry more according to the Spirit as it moved upon their hearts. In many instances they had found much indulgence from church authorities. John Cotton makes a very tender acknowledgment of this allowance in a touching letter to the Bishop of Lincoln. Indeed, not a little of the Christian freedom, which was afterward ruled out, and necessarily organized as Dissent, was in that day enjoyed within the limits of the English Church. Nevertheless, our fathers and mothers in this congregation, much as they loved the old religious home, were no longer quite at home in it. It was not enough for them to join in its common prayer and to be members of its multitudinous Church, and to live together in no closer religious communion than it provided in the order of its Christian year and in its beautiful ceremonial. For more than all else to them was their religion, — not one of many realities, but the one reality of their life, — and they must build it into home and city. So these men and women were in the wilderness, — a worn, enfeebled, and, with all their earnestness and singleness of purpose, a much depressed, though not disheartened company. It was their day of trial, and to their

faith it was the very time for entering into the closest religious communion, that they might be strong and patient together. It had been their way in the old country, so far as it was permitted, to supplement the usual and obligatory ministries and observances of the national Church by a kind of congregation within the congregation, — a company of men and women, covenanting each with the other, and all with the Invisible Head, to live by the divine grace and in all mutual love and fidelity. There was such a company in the great Church of St. Botolph in Old Boston, England, with which some of these immigrants had been connected. Sunday afternoons and on week-days, — notably on Thursdays, — these congregations listened to lectures and joined in free prayer, under the spiritual leadership of ministers, some of whom still served in the English Church, while others had overtaxed the patience of their bishops, and had been silenced for non-conformity with the ceremonies, which seemed to these earnest Protestants inseparably associated with the corruptions of Rome. Gradually these congregations became the realities of the living present; the old ritual was positively an offence to their fervid spirits; the Church was again the two or three met together in the name of Jesus; and when they found the ocean between them and their old home, and were removed forever from the old places of prayer, with their tender associations, and were no longer under any temptations or obligations to con-

form, — it was inevitable that the new communion should come into the place of the old, and an extreme simplicity supplant an extreme formalism. It is interesting to note how careful they were, for a time at least, not to discredit, or in any way disparage, the Church which they seemed to have outgrown; and yet, none the less, it dropped away from them as the husk from the ripe fruit, and, as time went on, became to their fervid spirits a hinderance and a stumbling-block.

So, as when Judaism became the simplicity of Christ, they passed gradually and half-consciously from ecclesiastical Christianity into a pure congregationalism or independency, almost without priest and ritual; and, in our Bay of Massachusetts, four chief men of the little company of emigrants came together to prepare the way and make the beginning of what they call a congregation or church, under Christ their head, Christ the Invisible, mediated and represented by no hierarchy. Four English gentlemen, one of them an ordained and highly connected minister in the English Church, moved to prompt action by the stress of the times, invited their fellow-Christians of Salem and Plymouth to keep the 30th of July (it was a Friday) as a fast; and on that day they prepared and subscribed the covenant of this church as it stands forth upon one of our church windows to-day. Following the signature of John Winthrop, we read the names of Thomas Dudley, Isaac Johnson, and Rev. John Wilson.

John Winthrop came of good English stock, and was born in Groton, Suffolk County, in 1587, now forty-three years of age, religious and wise, gentle and steadfast, more than abreast of his time, — a man in whom Church and State might well be at one; a governor whose name stands at the head of the covenanted company, not for a form or a show, but because he was indeed the head and front of the fellowship. He lives still in some exquisite letters, as well as in his sensible and careful record of the experiences of the young colony, and most of all in the State in which his best life was forever embodied; and it was most happy that a commonwealth so dominated by theologians was governed by a statesman like Winthrop, who could be at once a theologian and a man of large political wisdom, common-sense, and sweet humanity. It is recorded of him that, when a preacher could not be found, he "exercised in the way of prophesying," that is, he preached; and one cannot help wishing that some of those lay sermons had been taken down, especially as the pulpit literature of the time and place are not for us very interesting or edifying.

By the side of Winthrop stands Thomas Dudley, born in Northampton, England, in the year 1576, — a man of a sincere temper and earnest, honest purpose, as we cannot doubt, but somewhat querulous and exacting, and quite as ready to insist upon his rights as to discharge his duties, nevertheless honorable and honored, if not so lovable as our admira-

ble first governor. He had served Queen Elizabeth of England as a captain of English soldiers in the French army under Henry IV., and had been the faithful steward of the Earl of Lincoln. Isaac Johnson comes next,—"a prime man amongst us, having the best estate of any, zealous for religion, and the greatest furtherer of this plantation," but a man fast passing into the shadow of sickness and death, first of his wife, the Lady Arbella, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and soon after his own. "Dead since" was presently written over his name as it stands under the covenant; and, as Dudley tells us, "he made a most godly end, dying willingly, professing his life better spent in promoting this plantation than it could have been any other way. He left us a loss greater than the most conceived."

The fourth signer is Rev. John Wilson, born in 1588. His father had been chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, canon of Windsor, prebendary of Rochester, and rector of Cliffe in Kent; and in the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, there was, until 1789, a gravestone, a brass upon which marked the place of his burial by the figure of a man, and these fitting inscriptions: "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," and "Who thinks of death in life can never die." John Wilson had preached in Sudbury, in Suffolk, some eight or nine years. He does not write his name first. It is not his church. He claims no precedence as a clergyman, though he prized his orders. He is one of the brethren and

a member of the congregation with the rest. I confess that I am greatly drawn to him, as to one who was not given to much self-assertion, and might easily have made for himself a greater name than has been granted him. He had been sorely harassed in England for non-conformity, and came to this country for freedom and peace. The first religious teacher of the church, and then associated with the teacher as pastor, he shared and survived the services of two other ministers, — according to my poor judgment, a wiser and better balanced man, as I cannot help saying, than the famous John Cotton, and, measured by the standard of his time, of much moderation and gentleness. If his sermons, save here and there one, have not survived him, they can hardly have been less interesting than those of his great colleague, whose expository discourses the antiquarian still tries to read, not without a feeling of gratitude that he did not yield to the urgency of Hugh Peters and the rest, and devote himself exclusively to what they called "raising marginal notes upon Scripture." So much of John Wilson, who came over with the first company, leaving an unwilling wife, who remained behind until 1635, — "I marvel," wrote Margaret Winthrop, "what mettle she is made of," — the first teacher as well as pastor of our church, very tender toward the old ways as well as forward-looking and forward-moving, and, as we shall perhaps see by and by, a good, sensible politician in the best sense of that abused word, and

able to stand between Winthrop and a fanatical crowd in a day of trial for the infant commonwealth.

It has been my privilege during the past summer to spend a few days in that part of England which was the home of these founders before they crossed the ocean. In the shires of Suffolk, Lincoln, Rutland, Northampton, Derby, you will find the places that knew them while their feet pressed English soil. I have stood under Winthrop's mulberry-tree in Groton, and traced the fair record of his baptism in the church of that parish which the generous bounty of that good man's descendants in this country is restoring and beautifying. I have been hospitably entertained by the family of Johnson, whose Isaac, known as the Puritan, came to this new world with his fair wife, the Earl's daughter, only to share with her its sicknesses and its death; and I learned that the Johnsons are still lords of the manor as of old in Rutland, presiding over the noble charities of the Archdeacon, the grandfather of our founder, patrons of famous parishes and schools, as in the lovely towns of Oakham and Uppingham, with their beautiful old churches and castles. I have visited with great interest the larger of these schools, and have tarried in Boston, as ten years ago, to visit St. Botolph's cathedral-like pile, and stand by John Cotton's pulpit; our Unitarian friends in that city extending the warmest hospitality, and sending to you kindest greetings for your

two hundred and fiftieth year of church life. I have passed through Sudbury, where Wilson preached several years, and through Northampton and Derby, the birthplaces of Dudley and Cotton; and even in our changing world it has been easy to see from how much that was binding, stately, and seductive they went forth in obedience to heavenly visions. They left a world which most men would have pronounced very good, to make another world which, to their faith, hope, and charity, was unspeakably better. Even in dear Old England they could not do God's work as he would have it done. I do not wonder that they clung to the old altars and the old observances as long as they could. It was the bond of life-long custom and usage, the dear habit of childhood, and not constraint and calculation, which made them at least partial conformists so long as they were on English soil and within sight of the old parish churches; and they had scarcely the heart to rear any chapels of dissent by their side. They must cross the sea for this, and they could do so only with a sad intensity. It was a day of faith, the golden age of English piety. It was not good for England that she could not bear with them. She needs to-day, and in this very hour, the life that made the New England out of the Old, and that passed so lavishly into this church of our fathers, as into so many other foundations upon which so many generations have builded.

We find, then, in this meeting of these four

fathers of the Massachusetts Colony at Charlestown, the fountain and origin of our church life; and it was undoubtedly the purpose and the hope of these fathers and their associates that this church life should be at once the mind and the heart, the inmost source out of which should be the issues of all other living, — in the home, the market-place, and the commonwealth. The congregation was to inspire and guide, to supply voters, to call offenders to account, to advise magistrates, to pervade and occupy and possess all things, — the society of societies, seeking in all faith to be a kingdom of God. Of course there were difficulties in such an enterprise, which all too quickly came to light. These congregations were already not one, but many, each with its own mind, and that a very decided mind. Besides, from the very beginning, there were some honest men and women who were not yet ready to join any of the congregations and so qualify themselves to be voters; and what if the ministers should be of one opinion and the rulers of another? But as yet it did not appear whereunto all this would grow, or how difficult it would be to maintain church supremacy or in any way to blend Church and State in a Christian commonwealth.

On the first Lord's Day after this memorable Friday, five more names were written under the covenant, and so on, week by week, until they are sixty-four men and thirty-two women. The covenant and the signing are alike set down in our

church records for the 27th of August, probably because this date marks a certain completing of the enrolment and a formal organization of the church in simple congregational fashion by the choice of Wilson as teacher, Nowell as elder, Gager and Aspinwall as deacons, — we of the congregation chose them; and upon each and the other were laid ordaining hands, Mr. Wilson, the teacher, distinctly declaring that he meant to put no slight upon his orders in the Church of England. The little congregation had no need to fashion any ritual. They found it only too delicious to pray as the Spirit gave them utterance. They will not have even the Bible read in the course of their worship, unless it is expounded, and the truths brought into the light by the divine blessing upon a living ministry. They will have none of what they called "dumb reading."

What were styled "conceived," or, as we say, extempore, prayers had been allowed them in their old church only grudgingly and in very stinted measure. Here there shall be no other prayers, not though it were the Lord's Prayer, which had been so misused as a *pater noster* and by vain repetitions. They would share no white surplice with Romish priests, but would minister in the scholar's black gown of Geneva. It seemed to them a mere formality, and too much like the genuflections of the old superstition, to bow the head at the name of Jesus, though none could exceed them in their reverence

for that Holy One. Like the early disciples, they would gather about the sacramental table rather than kneel about the altar, lest haply men should say, "they worship the bread and the wine." They will have no funeral prayers, but will bear their dead to the last resting-place and lay them away in touching silence, lest they should be thought to pray for the departed spirit, and say masses in the ancient manner. They will not only lay aside the marriage ring as heathenish, but, by a strange revulsion, they will have marriage a civil service to be performed, not by the minister, but by a magistrate. They cannot quite refuse to sing; but there shall be no instrument save the human voice, and such rough psalmody as was supplied to the Puritans of Amsterdam by Henry Ainsworth; their tunes, some ten in number, oftenest York, Hackney, Windsor, St. Mary, and St. Martyn's.

Thus organized, the congregation entered upon an autumn of fair, open weather, with gentle frosts, followed by an early and very severe, but not protracted winter. From the first the settlers steadily gravitate to our peninsula, invited and welcomed by the hospitable Blaxton, who, though clerical himself, soon found the ecclesiastical element among his guests excessive, and struck out anew into the wilderness, where he could be quit of ministers as well as of bishops. There was as yet no house of worship. The great house at Charlestown, in fine weather a widely spreading tree, and sometimes one

of the few dwellings, served for a meeting-place. Modest shelters — cabins, I suppose, we should call them — were gradually springing up within the compass of some two miles of dry land, what seemed at high water two islands; but it was a time of sickness, struggle, suffering from extreme scarcity of food, and much depression. Shell-fish had to serve for meat, ground-nuts and acorns for bread. Deacon Gager's term of service had been of the briefest. He died on the 1st of September, — "a godly man," they said, "and a skillful chirurgeon." On the last day of the same month, Isaac Johnson followed the same way. The Lady Arbella had died a month before at Salem. Her burial-place was said to be near Bridge Street, Salem, as you go to Beverly. The earthly remains of her husband were laid in what is now King's Chapel Burial-ground. The teacher remained with the congregation until the end of the first month of spring, when, with several of the emigrants, he went to England, — some, like himself, to bring their families, others in discouragement, not proposing to return. Winthrop records that, on the 29th of March, about ten of the clock, Mr. Coddington and Mr. Wilson, and divers of the congregation, met at the governor's; and there Mr. Wilson, praying and exhorting the congregation to love, commended to them the exercise of prophecy in his absence, and designed those whom he thought most fit for it, — the governor, Mr. Dudley, and Elder Nowell. Then he desired the governor to com-

mend himself and the rest to God by prayer, which, being done, they accompanied him to the boat on his way to the ship, which sailed with him from Salem to England, on the 1st of April, for more than a year's absence, that is, until the 26th of May, 1632. The church, however, was not during so much time without pastor or teacher. By the 2d of November the charge passed, for the time, into the able hands of famous John Eliot, who will ever be gratefully remembered as the Apostle to the Indians. The church would gladly have associated him with Wilson, giving him, in the joint offices which their custom provided, the place of teacher, for which Wilson, in their judgment, was less fitted than for the work of pastor, though sermons were expected from both clergymen in the course of the Sunday ministrations. Indeed, there was no lack of ministers. Roger Williams, of whom the world has heard so much, had arrived in Boston on the 5th of February, 1631, that is, before the departure of Wilson. In a letter, written to Cotton, of Plymouth, forty years later, Williams claims to have been unanimously chosen teacher of our church, and adds that he declined the office, because of their tacit, if not open, communion with the Church of England, which, in his judgment, was no true Christian church, and not fit to have communion with. The record has no word upon the subject; but our record is very meagre, as is often the case where men are making history, and have no time to write it down. We only know, as I have said, that

Eliot, who is remembered for his deeds as Williams for his theories, took the temporary charge, while the future founder of Rhode Island went on his way for a season to Salem.

It is characteristic of the spiritual ferment of the times that, in the interval during which the congregation was only in the care of laymen, there came from the church of Watertown the startling intelligence that Elder Richard Brown maintained that the Church of Rome, as well, I suppose, as the churches in Boston, Dorchester, Roxbury, and his own, is a true church of Christ. It would be sad, indeed, to think otherwise, when we recall the prophets, apostles, martyrs, saints, of that ancient communion, of whom the world was not worthy; but it was a heresy, then and there, to think so; and good John Winthrop, the governor, and Thomas Dudley, the deputy-governor of the little commonwealth, and the elder of our church, must go to Watertown, and confute a doctrine so strange and dangerous. Of course they could consistently claim no authority over a sister church in every way their peer, and they must be content to offer counsel. Richard Brown seems to have been quick-tempered and passionate of speech; but, though plainly in this, as in some other opinions, of a larger and better mind than his brother Puritans, he allowed himself to be persuaded by them, as is so often the case in theological matters, and their anxieties were quieted.

We see in another instance how much congrega-

tionalism and independency were still an experiment, a theory, and an ideal. In the course of this very year we find the Court protesting against the settlement of Roger Williams over the Salem church, on the ground that he had declined communion with the Boston church, because the members of this church had not formally separated themselves from and disowned the Church of England, and had himself taught the very sensible, though, for that day, very advanced doctrine, that the civil magistrate might not punish the breach of the Sabbath, or any other disobedience to a distinctively religious command. It is pleasant to observe that in this case congregationalism and independency had their way, and that Mr. Williams was established in Salem spite of the protest, — established, I mean, so far as it was possible to bind to one place and duty a person so restless and erratic; for we hear of him in Plymouth by the 25th of October, 1632, and again in Salem in 1633. The magistrates of the little colony did not confine themselves to protest in things spiritual and moral. Henry Lynne was whipped once and again for slandering the government and the churches; and early in this very year a much severer sentence for a similar offence was passed and executed upon Philip Ratcliffe.

But we must remember that this was only the earlier half of the seventeenth century, and that as late as 1610, about the time when John Cotton took the charge of St. Botolph's in Old Boston, an

Arian or Unitarian was burned for his heresy at Smithfield. King James I., who prided himself upon his theology, tried, in one of his sober hours, to convince him of his error; but, having learned from the heretic's own lips that for many years he had thought it unscriptural to pray to Jesus, he spurned him with his foot as unfit to be in his royal presence, and consigned him to the executioners.

The little company in Charlestown and Boston were much heartened by the return of Mr. Wilson; and, although the worshippers from Charlestown were soon to have a distinct organization of their own, they joined the larger company in building a house of worship and a dwelling for the teacher. The contribution for this purpose amounted to £120. The church was, of course, a very humble structure, of which there is only a traditional likeness. Built of wood and clay, it stood at the easterly corner which State Street makes with Devonshire Street. I may add that the name "meeting-house" had not yet displaced the word "church." It was a necessity of the earlier days that the Sunday gathering-place should be also the place for week-day meetings, and should come to be the meeting-house, as was the case indeed with the great cathedrals in the days of their greatest usefulness and glory, and as it was indeed until within a very few years with old St. Botolph's Church, used, so they told me, as a voting-place, what they call in England "the hustings."

The unavoidable withdrawal of the members from Charlestown — nineteen men and sixteen women — left Wilson with a small company; and, as it seems to have been their settled conviction that they must have a more commanding teacher, he was formally installed as pastor of the church on the 22d of November, 1632, and filled the office with exceeding fidelity to a good old age, — an illustration of the Scripture that, when a man's ways please the Lord, He makes even his enemies to be at peace with him; for there were divisions and alienations, and bitterness even in those fervid days. Meanwhile, in the Old England, Archbishop Laud, one of the most insane of ecclesiastical reactionists, was preparing a teacher after their own heart for this New England congregation. John Cotton had been for some twenty years rector of the fine and almost cathedral Church of St. Botolph, Boston. He had carried to that parish from the University of Cambridge an excellent reputation as a scholar, especially in the Greek and Latin tongues. Of the Greek, he is reported to have had a critic's knowledge, and his Latin is said to have been even elegant. His first university sermon, we are told, was enthusiastically received by the dignitaries of the colleges, and great things were predicted of the young preacher. But his hearers were not long of this mind. Pricked to the heart by the words of an earnest Puritan preacher, he pressed upon the congregation repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ;

but what they heard with their ears only served to harden their hearts and darken their faces. It befell him quite contrary to the experience of Dr. Chalmers, the famous Scotch preacher. So long as Chalmers was what is or was known in Scotland as "a moderate," no one cared much to hear him, while the largest church would scarcely hold his congregation when he became earnest and evangelical, and had a point to carry in his preaching. But Cotton's fame as a preacher must have depended largely, first and last, upon voice and manner. His style is didactic, expository, and extremely dry; and one wonders what can have become of the eloquence which so charmed the dons of the University, or why that might not have been retained for the Master's service, as Wesley claimed the world's tunes for sacred uses. Nevertheless, we must not go behind the record; and it is beyond question that to hear John Cotton preach, and look up to him as teacher and guide, spiritual and even temporal, was to our fathers the end of all perfection. He was greatly prized and loved in Old Boston. Williams, his English diocesan, not only Bishop of Lincoln, but Dean of Westminster and Keeper of the Great Seal, a busy, bustling, but most kindly man, extended to him every indulgence; and yet a church with a settled ritual and order could hardly tolerate such freedoms as even Cotton, unwilling Dissenter as he was, felt compelled to insist upon; and to Archbishop Laud his irregularities were intolerable. It

was plain that his ministry at Boston must soon come to an end, and it seemed likely that he would pass from his rectory to prison. Indeed, had he not remained in close retirement in London, that would undoubtedly have been his fate. So he recalled the Scripture, "If they persecute you in one city, flee to another;" and, in company with Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone, reached Boston in the "Griffin," the 4th of September, having foiled the attempts of the government to detain him and his companions.

When we find how utterly and absolutely congregational Cotton had become, we can hardly wonder that the Primate of England was not content with him. He refused to baptize his child born upon the passage, not, as he said, with his exasperating minuteness, because he had scruples as to the use of salt water, but because, being no longer the minister of a congregation, he did not hold himself empowered to administer the sacraments; and so the boy got the name "Seaborn" only after his father had been installed teacher of our church, and so had gained the right to baptize him. It might suffice to say that Cotton was welcomed to New England with open arms, and sought by one and another congregation, and that it was even proposed that a State maintenance should be provided for him. This last proposition was happily discountenanced; and he became at once the teacher of our church, as Wilson was already the pastor.

The simple ceremonial is briefly set down in Winthrop's journal, with the story of the admission to the fellowship of the church of the minister and his wife; and we are glad to learn that the baptism of the little Seaborn was no longer delayed. It was a day of promise and hope. The colonists had been assured that the ceremonies of the English Church would not be pressed upon them, and that their enemies, Gardner, Morton, and Ratcliffe, would not be allowed to prejudice them with the authorities in the fatherland; and though Dudley, in his severe Puritan temper, would not be as compliant as the rest in kindly feeling toward bishop and king, the commonwealth and the Church may well be accounted happy in their prospects and fairly equipped for their work in the wilderness.

In such wise and out of such living stones were the foundations laid. They were worthy to uphold any superstructures which in the coming ages should be reared upon them. No faith could have been stronger, no consciences more sincere, no desire to live near to God and to his children deeper than theirs who brought their all to these shores, and labored, in the best light they could gain, to bring order into our imperfect and, as they believed, fallen world. They were altogether single and, as men account, narrow. They sought the kingdom of God almost as those might who cared little whether or no anything else should be added to it.

Experimental religion; obedience to the divine

law as taught by Moses, as fulfilled by Jesus; mutual oversight and co-operation for the ends of practical righteousness; the commonwealth a reign of law, with so much love of thrift as is inseparable from the life of an Englishman, — these were all they prized and cherished. There was scarce anything, Sundays or week-days, to remind one that they had come from the land of Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakspeare, Raleigh; that they could exercise their imaginations upon any subjects save the joys of the redeemed and the sufferings of the damned; and there seemed to be no pause in the intensity of their pursuit of the one thing needful. A college was for them a school for the training of ministers. A knowledge of Hebrew was precious, because Hebrew was the language in which God had spoken to Moses; and a knowledge of Greek was precious, because Greek was the language in which God had caused his last word to his rebellious children to be written. The heavens were watched chiefly for the signs and wonders which proclaimed divine warnings. Were men drowned in the rough sea, it was "a breach of God upon them;" for the religious and moral nature pervaded and occupied and awed their whole being.

In this faith they lived and endured hardness, and encountered, in their endeavor to translate their truth into life, endless perplexities, and have been stigmatized as inconsistent because they could not attain in the seventeenth century to what we call the liber-

ality, and what they perhaps would call, were they here, the indifference and laxity, of the nineteenth century. In this faith they died, some of them, as earnest men are very likely to do, rather lamenting their failures than celebrating their successes. We may, if we can, add to their faith knowledge; we may claim for earth and earthly things, for art and human culture, the rights which they seemed to forget; but, if we try to centre our life and work other than they centred it, we seek to build a city without foundations, and shall learn sooner or later that, "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

There are deeds and sights in our modern New England upon which we should be ashamed to have the fathers of New England look, not because of their Puritan scruples, but because they were Christians, — men of clean hands and pure eyes. We must be baptized again into their spirit of nonconformity, of intellectual and moral honesty, the courage of our convictions, the spirit which does not suffer men to go with the crowd when reason and conscience and the living Christ bid them go alone. We must honor their new departures by our own forward movements. We must be content with them to break rank and go alone, or be the faint and few that make up the advanced army, and live and die in that faith which is now, as ever, the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

The Frenchman Renan, in the third of his English Lectures of the present year, affirms that "the nation which is much occupied with social and religious problems is almost always politically weak. The country that dreams of a kingdom of God, that lives for general ideas, and is engaged in enterprises of universal interest, sacrifices, in so doing, its proper individual destiny, weakens and destroys itself as an earthly country. We never with impunity bear the fire in our own bosoms." Let us see to it that New England in the future as in the past is a living refutation of this dreary and unchristian philosophy, and was planted to show that the precise opposite is the truth of our life on earth.

II.

"For it hath been declared unto me of you, my brethren, by them which are of the house of Chloe, that there are contentions among you. Is Christ divided?" — 1 *Cor.* i. 11, 13.

IN a former sermon I have traced the history of our church until the day of the installation of John Cotton as teacher. I propose now to follow its fortunes during those years when it was the one and only church in Boston, the embodiment of the religious life of the little town, and, so close was the connection between things secular and things sacred, as truly the town as it was the church. With Cotton for teacher and Wilson for pastor, a congregation so rich in faithful men and women may well be regarded as established on this peninsula, and fully equipped for its serious and difficult work. In English history — and Old England and New England were very closely bound together — the years from 1633–4 to 1650 were crowded with events of the deepest interest. We begin with Charles I. and Archbishop Laud taking their first steps toward their scaffolds; and we end with Cromwell, who has beheaded his king and has entered Scotland to fight the battle of Dunbar. In some sort still a part of

the English nation, and filled to overflowing with its new life, this congregation, in common with many other congregations already formed or forming around them, is embarked in what proves to be a very exacting and altogether new enterprise. Partly aforethought and partly through the force of circumstances they are beginning the world anew. They have gone back to a few great elemental principles. They are, indeed, the subjects of England, and I have no doubt thought themselves quite sincere in saying with Dudley that "in this they had not altered." They were not, as he declares, "like those who have dispensations to lie; but as we were free enough in England to turn our insides outwards, sometimes to our disadvantage, very unlike is it that now, being *procul a fulmine*, we should be so unlike ourselves." Nevertheless, they are far from England, and at liberty to fashion Church and State according to new patterns; and we find that, however they may be sincerely conservative and may profess loyalty, whenever some special act of obedience is asked of them, they take the matter into consideration until the home rulers have forgotten about it, and then choose their own way. Teeming with the spirit of the new creation, their opportunities are rarely lóst upon them.

But with opportunity comes trial. We of the congregation have for our law and guidance infallible sacred books, especially Moses, his judicials, patterns for our lives, political and social; but we of

the congregation, ministers and people, are fallible and not altogether agreed, indeed with an immense tendency to individualism, and as there are many towns already in Massachusetts beside Boston, each with its congregation, and as every congregation is theoretically independent of every other and of all the rest, how will it be possible for all these to be one society and to hold the faith in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace? Where religion is such an all-absorbing interest, how can those who are not agreed about it live together? Moreover, the religions of the Old England and of the New England are rapidly diverging. What if the claims of king and bishop over governor and minister should be asserted and enforced? Then, it is a new country, and they are new-comers into it, with scarcely any title except that they are there. Why may not others come who are not and will not be of the congregation, and yet wish to share its privileges, or at least to sit down unpleasantly near? The congregation has already had a little experience of some of these practical difficulties, but as yet their trials had only begun; and, at the time of which I am speaking, they were full of courage and hope.

The church makes a good beginning in their devoted ministry to the Indians, who are suffering under a visitation of small-pox. The care and love of the white man, as we are told, "wrought much with them." The Englishman's God, they said, is a good God. These settlers, unlike their fellow-

Indians, did not leave them to die uncared for, and, though greatly exposed, did not fall victims to the disease. It is well worth recording, as indicating the composition of the community even at that day, that this work of charity was not confined to those who were in immediate communion with the church. Maverick of Winesemett, for example, though a non-communicant, who must have lost his vote by the legislation of 1631, was foremost in kind offices. Himself, his wife and servants, went daily to them, ministered to their necessities, buried their dead, and took home many of their children. Along with this wholesome charity, the work of the church in the nurture and revival and conversion of souls goes prosperously forward. Beside the care and watch of those who have already been gathered in, there is a considerable increase of the communicant body. The coming of immigrants steadily enlarges the field for the friends of independency as well as for the gospel laborers. Some of the new townsmen are still strongly attached to the forms of the English Church and not attracted by Puritan simplicity, not to say uncouthness. Others are scarcely prepared for any form of Christian communion.

The lapses from Christian purity and integrity, to which our early church records bear sad though not very frequent witness, may perhaps awaken the suspicion that the outward advantages of church membership were a temptation to some to profess a Christianity of which they had no sufficient experi-

ence. Yet there can be no doubt that it was an increasing congregation of sincere men and women. The records show some thirty-seven additions in the first three months of Mr. Cotton's ministry.

But the church could not long be allowed to confine its energies to works of piety and love, the nursing of the sick, and the care of souls. There was not only the Lord's Day with its double services, there was also Thursday with its famous lecture and its consequent half-time school. This lecture had ceased to be preached before my coming to the church, and I made a vain effort to reinstate it as a union service for all Protestants. It lingered in that way a little longer as a shadow of the past, and then vanished, unless the Monday Lectureship, so called, of our day be its reappearing. It is first named soon after Mr. Cotton's coming, and may have been a continuation of a similar meeting in Old Boston. It seems to have been about equally devoted to the things of Cæsar and the things of God. But, whether on Thursdays or on the Lord's Day, the new teacher, who was a famous expositor, drawing his answers from the Scriptures in reply to the inquiries of the magistrates, or prompted by what seemed to him the necessities of the hour, sets in order the new house, civil and religious. The ministry, he teaches, must be maintained by weekly contributions. To live upon the income of Church funds or from State bounties is the beginning of death. Each church must be independent of the rest, and must demand a fresh

profession of faith, even of those who come from a sister church. A magistrate must not be deprived of his office without just cause, and for no cause must be arraigned as a public criminal. You may vote, he taught, but be sure that you vote only for certain men, — men fit to be voted for; and when, on one occasion, the election which followed a Thursday lecture did not content him, he caused it to be reversed on the subsequent Thursday, and, by putting in the right men, saved, so it is claimed, our Boston Common, as we trust for all generations.

The apostle Eliot finds fault with the magistrates for alleged unfair treatment of the Indians; and Mr. Cotton is engaged by them to "reduce him," as their phrase was, and he was persuaded to retract charges which we may hope were unfounded. One is not sorry to learn that Mr. Cotton's advice, which was sometimes uncalled for, was not always followed, as once in their choice of a new governor, in spite of his urging that the old incumbent should be continued in office. That incumbent was indeed deserving of all confidence. But the republican spirit must have its expression; and why should Mr. Cotton, who was not a very earnest republican, and who had only then been made a freeman, assume so much? They will choose the old governor again by and by, but not that year. They appoint a fast in any time of anxiety and peril, as in 1634–5, when Wilson is visiting the English Puritans, and there are fears that he, with some new immigrants,

may be detained and imprisoned. From time to time all the ministers are called to meet with the Boston church as a sort of council of State, as once when two questions were proposed to them: First, If a general governor is sent over from England, what shall we do? Second, Is it lawful to carry the cross in our banners? The ministers replied: "As to the cross in the banner, we are not ready to say. That may be an idolatrous symbol or not. But as to the governor, we are quite clear that we should not accept him, not though we should be compelled to fight." In a lull of more weighty matters, Mr. Cotton shows from Scripture that women may lay aside their veils in church, where they are not, by custom of the place, the token of subjection. Mr. Endecott feels compelled to take the other side; and the governor must interpose and end the discussion, which waxes hot.

But the weighty matters soon came to the front. You have already heard of Roger Williams and his refusal to become the teacher of our congregation, on the ground that its members had not sufficiently separated themselves from the fellowship of the English Church. Almost immediately after Mr. Cotton's installation, Mr. Williams gives great offence to the governor and assistants of Massachusetts by reiterating what he had formerly written to the governor and council of Plymouth, touching the invalidity of their title by King James's grant and the need of compounding with the Indians.

Three passages in this paper were especially annoying to the magistrates.

King James is charged with having told a solemn public lie because he blessed God that he was the first Christian prince who had discovered this land, and again with blasphemy for calling Europe Christendom, and then Mr. Williams had applied portions of the Book of the Revelations to King Charles in no flattering manner. What he had written was probably only too true; but, the governor having taken advice from judicious ministers, Mr. Williams is induced to submit and retract, but it was for the last time. He was soon to get a surer footing upon even more advanced and firmer ground. He was doubtless then on his way to his doctrines of soul liberty and an extreme individualism, so extreme that, for lack of what he deemed fit companionship, the Lord's Supper could be no communion for him save as he could observe it with his wife.

In the year 1635 the authorities of the colony were much disturbed by what seemed to them the erroneous and dangerous views of Mr. Williams upon the functions of the magistrate as the defender of the faith and the guardian of religious truth. He must not, said Mr. Williams, punish a breach of the first table; that is, he must not enforce the first half of the ten commandments which enjoins the pure worship of God. His business is with the public morals and with offences against order, safety, and decency, not with the soul's relations to God.

He must not put an unregenerate man to his oath; for what communion has light with darkness? If these things are to be allowed, the magistrates asked, appealing to the ministers and to our teacher among the rest, how are we to protect ourselves against heresy, apostasy, or tyranny? Once and again, in May and in October, Mr. Williams was convented and called to account by the civil and religious authorities, but they were utterly unable to "reduce him." This being the case, it was the almost universal judgment, one minister only dissenting, that the continuance of such a heretic any longer within the limits of the colony would be fraught with extreme peril to the Church of Christ. Six weeks were allowed him in which to depart beyond the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. I cannot understand why any should be surprised at such a sentence. We may admire Roger Williams; but why should we be scandalized because our forefathers had not learned, any more than the rest of the religious world, that the Church does not need the defence of the civil arm, and that whether, as now in France, it be Jesuit or atheist, the safe way is to leave every man's cause to its own merits?

The Puritans believed that in a fallen world the State must control the utterance of human thought as well as restrain human action. They left England, not because they had learned that the utmost freedom should be allowed in religious matters, but because they believed that the particular restraints

which king and bishops imposed upon them were not sanctioned by Scripture. They had not thought for a moment that a man might choose his own church or choose to be of no church, or walk about the roads and through the fields on Sunday, or revert at his pleasure to Romanism. There must be order in these to them altogether vital matters. The people who could not conform in England should leave England, and be suffered to go in peace; and the people who could not conform in Massachusetts must go back to England or do what they had done, make a new home for themselves in the wilderness. And perhaps they thought, not unreasonably, that Narragansett Bay was as good a place to live in as Massachusetts Bay.

At all events, spite of all that our fathers had suffered from the old order in the State, there was a strong clinging to order of a very rigid sort, with very little disposition to commit themselves to the largest freedom. In answer to the propositions of certain English peers made in 1634 to join the Massachusetts Colony, Cotton writes: "Democracy I do not conceive that God ever did ordain as a fit government, either for church or commonwealth. If the people be governors, who shall be governed? As for monarchy and aristocracy, they are both of them clearly approved and directed in Scripture, yet so as God referreth the sovereignty to himself, and setteth up theocracy in both."

Moving in this direction, a certain portion of the

government were chosen for life in 1636; but this arrangement soon came to an end, with the increase of the troubles in England and the lessening prospect of noble immigrants. A large religious freedom was rather the result of the emigration of Englishmen to America than a part of its purpose; and our fathers are to be admired rather for enduring hardness themselves than for making the world easy for others. They were probably quite right in the opinion that Massachusetts was not large enough to contain in that day the friends and the opponents of Williams. It is worth noting that personally they seem to have been on very friendly terms with the daring innovator, and that, in its indirect results, this controversy with Mr. Williams advanced the interests of freedom; for it was decided in First Church that communicating with the Church of England should be no disqualification for our own religious fellowship. Some, who are in the habit of complaining that Williams was banished, seem hardly to have understood how little there was in the constitution of the new community to have made any other course likely. The church leaned almost absolutely upon the commonwealth, which it inspired and guided. Except in Boston, all persons subject to taxation were compelled to contribute to the support of the ministers. All who were able must attend the authorized public worship. The results of synods were embodied in laws which must be obeyed. Persons and churches in excommunica-

tion were without civil privileges. It was not the day of moral suasion, and in all Christendom there was no nation without an established church. It is not too much to say that the Rhode Island settlements in their endeavors to maintain order were not quite independent of more conservative Massachusetts.

In the month of March, 1636, Rev. Hugh Peters, or Peter, as he writes his name, preaching to First Church, proposes, among other things not so useful, that they should take order for employment of people, especially women and children, in the winter time; for he feared that idleness would be the ruin both of church and commonwealth. Perhaps this may be taken as the first trace of an employment society in our congregation.

But this year had not closed before our church became the centre of a most painful religious agitation, which in that day must needs involve the State as well. The story, one may hope, belongs to the past. The very phrases in which it was first told are strange to modern ears, and need to be translated into the language of our day. And yet it is still profoundly interesting, as a chapter in the history of man's deepest experience; and it is singularly characteristic of the earliest New England life. It may be possible, even at this day, to reach what was vital and of abiding significance in this otherwise painful story. What I am to relate would have been impossible in any but a profoundly religious

community, and to men and women whose thoughts were much turned in upon their own minds and hearts. It is an old and sacred saying that he must die who hath looked upon God. There is a vision of the Eternal and a persuasion of the Divine Indwelling which threaten our personal and individual being. God becomes so truly all in all that we have no work and ways and conduct and character that we can call our own. It is a condition which, if it is not the most perfect sanity, may become the wildest insanity. God works in us to will and to do; and this is interpreted to mean that God does all, and that what is done is all right, not because conscience says so, not because good men say so, not because the law says so, but because God, who dwells in us and we in him, does it. It is he who makes us, and not we ourselves. We are his children. We know it, we feel it. On such a day, in such a place, in such a moment of exalted religious feeling, we had the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts. Not by any works, better or worse, poor at the best, are we justified, — there can be no rest for us in any such justification, — it is God that justifieth; who is he that condemneth? God knoweth who are his, and he has revealed to us that we are of that number; and though character and conduct may change, God does not change. Man looks at the works, God looks at the worker.

Such was the outcome of the deep religious life of the First Church, as the year 1636 was drawing

toward its close. Men called it "antinomianism," because it seemed to set itself against law, and was a magnifying of God's grace and presence in the soul that misled the believer into speaking lightly of self-control, and in unbalanced or undisciplined or passionate natures into the neglect of self-control. As might have been expected, it was the infirmity of noble and religious souls. In our religious history the story of the antinomianism of First Church is largely the tragic story of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, and of the consequent civil strife stirred by her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Wheelwright. Mrs. Hutchinson came to Boston from England, in September, 1634; Mr. Wheelwright, not far from June 12, 1636. This lady had been an earnest and thoroughly sympathetic attendant upon Mr. Cotton's preaching in Old Boston. She is described by Mr. Winthrop as a woman with a ready wit and a bold spirit, who brought over with her two dangerous errors: first, that the person of the Holy Ghost dwells in a justified person; second, that no sanctification can help to evidence to us our justification. Mrs. Hutchinson was not a woman who could hide in her heart what she believed to be the divine counsel. By herself, and in concert with her brother-in-law, she strove to make converts, always claiming that in her chief points of doctrine, if not in all that seemed to proceed inevitably from her principles, Mr. Cotton was of her mind. And undoubtedly she could easily have supported her asser-

tion by quoting his words, as she might have done many unqualified and unwise sayings of Martin Luther to the same effect. She gave great offence by holding and preaching to what we should call in this day parlor-meetings, — gatherings of women, numbering even in that small town some sixty hearers. Mr. Wilson's ministrations seemed to her so below the mark, so legal, or, as we should say, ethical, that she was known to go out from them and leave the church, — a great scandal in that day. And her friends even proposed — and most likely, save for Mr. Winthrop's opposition, would have prevailed — to establish Wheelwright as the third minister and assistant teacher over the little church.

It came about at last that, with the exception of Wilson and Winthrop, and one or two more, the church in Boston were carried away by Mrs. Hutchinson's teachings. Well, you ask, what then? What harm could that do? Was she not, as her own husband, who should know, well said, a dear saint and servant of God; and were any the worse for sharing her mysticism and refinements, and is it not the commonest thing for those who have the time to amuse themselves with theological ingenuities? Yes; but remember that the Massachusetts of that day, though not unthrifty or quite blind to this world, was dead in earnest, exceedingly devoted to religious things and persuaded of the harmfulness of false and unscriptural teachings, and that an earnest religionist was not merely a celebrity, to be thronged

and feasted and flattered and cast aside. Christendom, too, had not been without sad experience of a fanaticism which issues in frightful immoralities, and pretends to serve God by destruction instead of fulfilment. The prudent did not like this talk about the filthy rags of our own righteousness and the worthlessness of honesty and purity. It might be according to the letter, but it was not according to the spirit, and the examples of the Bible; and they had heard it, not only from heated preachers and enthusiasts, but from the lips of the vile hypocrite, Captain Underhill, in his seasons of real or pretended penitence, when he went before the church voluntarily or of necessity, and, as Mr. Winthrop records, could scarcely be heard for his blubbering. Our fathers were always anxious about men and women who claimed to be perfect and believed themselves to be absolutely under divine guidance. So, as time went on, the State as well as the Church was thrown into confusion and peril. The Boston soldiers refused to march with Wilson for their chaplain against the Pequots, because he was what they called — and it was in that day very opprobrious language — a legal preacher.

Things went on from bad to worse, until Wheelwright's preaching on one occasion awakened a not unfounded apprehension of civil tumult, and led to the disarming of many Boston citizens, his supporters and petitioners in his behalf, and finally to his own banishment, a punishment which in his

cooler years he confessed to have been necessary. The election of the governor turned absolutely upon the theological question; and Mr. Winthrop owed his success at the polls to Rev. John Wilson, who climbed a tree and made a speech in his behalf. Mr. Cotton was almost swept away by the antinomian tide, and, as it seems to me, would have lost his head utterly, if he had not been steadied by the sound sense of modest John Winthrop. The words of the governor at the opening of the strife ought to have put an end to it, and are greatly in advance of much modern theology. "Withal he made this request to the brother (which he said he did seriously and affectionately), that, seeing these variances grew and some estrangement withal from some words and phrases which were of human invention and tended to doubtful disputation rather than to edification, and had no footing in Scripture, nor had been in use in the purest churches for three hundred years after Christ, that for the peace of the church they might be forborne, — he meant person of the Holy Ghost and real union, — and concluded that he did not intend to dispute the matter."

It does not appear that Mr. Winthrop was any less earnest than Mr. Cotton in his persuasion of the Divine Indwelling, but he was certainly wiser than Mr. Cotton in his understanding and use of this vital persuasion. Happily, there were other churches in Massachusetts besides the church in Boston, or independency had been a sad failure.

The other churches had no right to command; but they were allowed, if not entitled, to advise. There was but one Mrs. Hutchinson; and, host as she was and singularly persuasive, she was drifting into speculative novelties, and in due time the reaction came, alas! in a tide which swept her, as it seems to me, not without cruelty and injustice, out of the church and the commonwealth. She was brought first before the General Court. They sentenced her to banishment, and yet deferred the execution of the sentence until the winter should have passed; but, proving incorrigible, she was brought to the Thursday lecture in the little Boston house of worship, first on the 15th of March. Her errors were enumerated and condemned, and herself admonished, the governor and treasurer of the commonwealth, being members of our church, coming from the General Court in Cambridge to join in the sentence. But this proved insufficient, and she was summoned again on the 22d of the same month; and, all hope of her repentance having ceased, Mr. Wilson was told to pronounce this judgment: "Anne, the wife of our brother William Hutchinson, having on the 15th of the third month been openly in publique congregation admonished of sundry errours held by her, was on the 22d day cast out of the church for impenitently persisting in a manifest lye then expressed by her in open congregation, the 15th of the same month, 1638."

Our church does not, as it seems to me, make a

good figure in this business. It was unquestionably a necessity in those times to fine, disarm, and even banish leading antinomians. So young a commonwealth could not bear such internal conflicts, as Puritan experience in Holland had already shown. A few more months of such strife would have satisfied waiting and sympathizing friends in England that Massachusetts could be no home for them, and needed for its better government a strong arm of some sort, if not that of Charles or of Laud. Unquestionably, it was as necessary that Mrs. Hutchinson should go away as it is needful to separate one who has been overwrought from the old neighborhood and household. But it seems to me that John Cotton, considering that he himself, spite of his nice theological distinctions, was much implicated with his parishioner, and that the congregation almost without exception had been of her mind, and that he had been much annoyed by Mr. Wilson's reasonableness and moderation, might have recognized in this sincere woman a spiritual and mental exaltation which left her scarcely accountable. He was always much too facile a man, and should never have allowed the name of his friend to go down on the church record with the brand of falsehood. Mr. Winthrop was wiser in his first than in his final dealing with the matter, and perhaps had this in mind when late in life he declined to have part in a similar severity, saying he had done too much of that work already.

It was no way a necessary result of her banishment; but it is sad to remember that in 1643 an inroad of Indians into the Dutch country brought death to Mrs. Hutchinson and to all her household, with the exception of a daughter eight years of age. This child was afterward restored through the agency of the General Court of Massachusetts, and placed with friends in Boston. The punishment inflicted upon Mrs. Hutchinson had its natural effect in exaggerating her eccentricities of thought and speech; and we do not find that she ever made any concessions. One does not like to think how this most blessed life, which so abounded in the hearts of these New England men and women, failed of its proper issues for lack of wise guidance. It was gain unspeakable to have attained such a deep sense of God; and it would have been the part of a wise piety not to put so mysterious an experience into propositions, and then draw inferences from them and quote texts in support of them. It had been wiser so to receive and so to give the holy and sweet light that all men would rejoice in it, and be the better for it. It is not success to owe our escape from fanaticism to a dulness of the religious sense. Cotton and Mrs. Hutchinson and Henry Vane and Wheelwright spake truly, when they said that none other and no less than God dwells in us, if we will suffer him, and that all our deep springs are in him, and that the life which he would have us live is possible only because he lives in us. But they should

not have failed to add that whom God calls he calls to righteousness, and that a loving heart is the only absolutely sure token that he who is Love dwells in us.

Must the religious world always oscillate between a fervid fanaticism and a tradition of piety, which is only a saying of prayers, an assenting to creeds, and an endeavor to live a decent life? The church of Boston did well to be profoundly moved by Mrs. Hutchinson's living words, when she urged that the gospel means not some addition to our theology, nor yet some small repairs of character, but God in us, fashioning thought and act into his perfect likeness. Minister and people, teacher and pastor alike, should have labored together to add manhood, knowledge, self-control, and all the fruits of the Spirit to this great faith. The dry, dogmatic, literal, formal church of Boston needed Mrs. Hutchinson's mystic piety and her freer dealing with the old affirmations. But they were left to exorcise as evil a spirit which rather needed to be guided and occupied. In the highest view of the matter, it was a failure, and yet one of those failures of the sincere and devoted upon which we build arguments of hope, and press onward to the things which are before.

III.

"THESE ALL, HAVING OBTAINED A GOOD REPORT THROUGH FAITH, RECEIVED NOT THE PROMISE: GOD HAVING PROVIDED SOME BETTER THING FOR US, THAT THEY WITHOUT US SHOULD NOT BE MADE PERFECT." — *Heb.* xi. 39, 40.

WE have traced the story of our church to the time when they could bear Mrs. Hutchinson no longer. She has been defeated, and is gone into the wilderness. It is one of the lessons of civil history, that a defeated rebellion strengthens the victorious government; but the reign is rather a supremacy of law than a reign of love, and instead of peace and mutual confidence, we have a constrained and superficial quietness. Moreover, the Church of Boston had sympathized too deeply and widely with Mrs. Hutchinson to be soon at ease after the whirlwind in which she had been separated from them had passed over. The extravagances of the Hutchinsonians increased, and seemed to justify the sentence of expulsion; and yet those who passed this sentence may have reflected that oppression makes even wise men mad. Mr. Cotton felt called upon to deplore "his own and the church's indolence and credulity," which had allowed such grave errors to gain such a hold upon the community, and

explained how he himself had been deceived. In a sermon preached on a day of fasting and prayer on account of the prevalence of the small-pox, he laments the want of zeal in the professors of religion and the general decay of piety. The life that should have become godliness had been consumed in envyings and strife. It was a time of repressions and excommunications in all the neighborhoods and churches. Moreover, the great enemy of man seemed, so thought our fathers, to be especially intent to work mischief amongst them, tempting to crime. It must have been a very sad day in Boston when Dorothy Talbye, driven to insanity by almost insane religious teachings, was hung for murdering her little daughter, in the hope, as she said, that she might free her from future misery. She manifested no penitence. She acted, she said, from a revelation; she only vainly begged to be beheaded, as less painful and less shameful than hanging, whilst the Rev. Hugh Peter, from Salem, exhorted the people to take heed against being deceived by revelations, and not to despise, as she had done, the ordinance of excommunication. But aside from such deplorable confounding of madness with criminality, there was at this time scarcely a shadow of freedom in Massachusetts. For a few months in the year 1638 a law was in force by which excommunication for six months carried with it a liability to fines and imprisonments. The churches were independent only in name. One minister and some individual Chris-

tians ventured to maintain that baptized persons shall be admitted to the communion without a particular examination of their faith, and were compelled to retract. A Mr. Britton undertook to criticise the churches as over-dogmatic and exclusive, and, because he had no money to pay a fine withal, was openly whipped for his offence.

But though the Church of Boston meets with small success in any endeavor which may have been made to harmonize orthodoxy and toleration, and one must keep a watch over the lips, and be careful not to think aloud, the moral condition of the town is carefully looked after in the administration of church exhortations and discipline. The ministers, prompted by the General Court, protest in their sermons against a growing extravagance in dress; but very little comes of it, because, as we are told, their own wives are so deeply implicated in the prevailing degeneracy. Nevertheless, morals are coming to the front, and the clergy are acting upon the permission of the synod of 1637, and presenting the grace of the gospel under a covenant of works. With the theological scrupulosity of the day, they were told that this might be done "under," but not "in and by," such a covenant of works. There is a distinction here, even though you may not all be able to see it. The church turns its attention, as the record shows, to the traders, and tries to expound the right and wrong of buying and selling; not, of course, exhausting so large a matter, but making a

good, earnest beginning. Robert Keaine, brother-in-law of Rev. John Wilson, founder of the Artillery Company, was received in Boston Church, March 20, 1635, and had already been chosen four times from Boston to the General Court. A shopkeeper in our town, he had asked what seems to have been the worth in money, and yet a very large price for his goods, and had found purchasers willing to pay what he asked; but first the Court and then the church adjudge him exorbitant. Excommunication was proposed and preached about by Mr. Cotton, with a somewhat full discussion of the laws of buying and selling. Mr. Keaine was brought before the assembly of Christians, and bewailed his covetous and corrupt heart, not, however, without excusing himself in some particulars. An admonition was finally accepted as sufficient, so far as the church was concerned in the matter; but the delinquent was sentenced by the Court to pay a fine of £100. He soon recovered his character and was restored to favor, as one whose judgment, not his heart, was at fault. About this time Edward Palmer, for his extortion in taking £1 13*s.* 7*d.* for the plank and wood-work of Boston stocks, is fined five pounds, and censured to be set an hour in the stocks. The fine was remitted to ten shillings; but the remainder of the sentence was executed, so far as appears, the Ipswich chronicler telling us that "he had the honor to sit in them an hour himself, to warn others not to offend in the like kind."

The church is scarcely ten years old, and must begin its series of removals from one house of worship to another; but what would we not give today for so much as a fragment of the first building? No wonder it was worn out with such continuous use! They told me in the English Groton that the rector's house in the Winthrop Parish was more than three hundred years old; but here, in two hundred and fifty years, the first things have all vanished, and amongst them the rude structure within whose rough walls and under whose humble roof men and women had thought and felt and preached and prayed and debated with such intensity of life, as when, to take a sadly memorable instance, on two successive Thursday Lecture days, Mrs. Hutchinson and the theologians vainly try to meet in those labyrinths of divinity, from ten in the morning quite into the evening hours, and the longer they debate the farther are they apart. In this first building the Artillery Election sermon was preached in 1638 by John Wilson, for the first and only time during the period with which my sermons have been occupied. But the house could not well have been made to last, and it is outgrown and outworn, and even then was rapidly falling into decay. So after the usual, and, I believe, always inevitable discussion as to the proper site, and the familiar interposition of Mr. Cotton, without whom nothing could be done, it was decided to place the new building nearly opposite the head of what is now

State Street. The church cost about £1,000, the old house meeting about three-fifths of the amount, and the remainder being supplied by voluntary and ready contributions. It was the home of the congregation until it was destroyed by fire in 1711. The record in our hymn-book and under our church tower is not quite correct, for the second house of worship was not finished until 1640. In the next year, under the order of the General Court, the ministers agree upon a form of catechism to be printed for general use, and there are evidences of great care in moral as well as theological discipline. It is pleasant to find it recorded that on a training day at this time twelve hundred men were under arms, and not one of them intoxicated or heard to use profane speech. The utmost pastoral fidelity characterized the Boston ministers, Mr. Cotton especially teaching that if old and faithful officers had grown poor in the public service, they should be maintained at the public cost, and not dropped, as one Mr. Hathorne had proposed in the public caucus.

The story which I have been telling you has thus far been quite provincial in its character, — a village tale, as you may be almost ready to say; but it is none the less the story of not a few who are soon to share largely in the new career which in those days was opening wide for Englishmen. It was a time when the temptation to go back to England was very great, — too strong, indeed, to be resisted, if

duty as well as the desire for the old home seemed to plead for a return. The tidings from the mother country are as startling as they are encouraging. There are enterprises in Church and State which demand just such men as these New England colonists. For ministers and laymen there is good work to be done in the Old World, about which they had been ready to despair. A revolution is impending. The news comes fast. The Earl of Strafford died upon the scaffold in 1641 ; Archbishop Laud was at that time confined in the Tower under an impeachment for high treason, and after three years' imprisonment came out only to be tried and executed. In 1642 the Royalists withdraw from Parliament, and Charles raises his standard at Nottingham; whilst in 1643 the assembly of divines gathers in Westminster, and Cotton, Davenport, and Hooker receive an invitation to visit England and sit in that synod,—three Independents amongst a crowd of Presbyterians as bigoted as any of the old churchmen. Fortunately Hooker dissuaded Davenport and Cotton, who were inclined to go. The errand would have issued in disappointment, and landed them in the midst of a civil war which brought to the scaffold, at the time of the Restoration, the famous Hugh Peter, who, after having been for seven years a New England minister, had become a great promoter of the Commonwealth. Sir Henry Vane, too, a member of First Church, was sacrificed at a later day to the

same terrible necessity; but he parted from our communion and town as early as 1637, in the midst of the conflict with Mrs. Hutchinson, who had found in him a most hearty sympathizer. Though he had not felt justified as a thorough-going republican in supporting Cromwell, the restoration of Charles II. brought disgrace and death to one who was a sincere and deeply religious man, and a great helper of New England.

Meanwhile there was work enough for those who remained in the new home. Virginia asks for missionaries, — not being content with such ministrations as she had, — and with reason, unless Mr. Winthrop had been misinformed as to the character of the clergy of that colony. At Thursday Lecture three are designated for this business, one of whom, Mr. Thompson, undertakes the errand. He is described as "a very melancholic man and of a crazy body," but his spirits and his outward frame were greatly helped by a very encouraging ministry in that Old Dominion. The conflict in England increases in bitterness, and First Church leads the way in keeping a day of fasting in regard of the war between king and Parliament, and the example is widely followed by sister churches. The scrupulous must have been somewhat relieved when they learned that the Red Cross of England, which had been suspected as an idol, and had given occasion to so much discussion, was borne aloft alike by Royalists and Roundheads. All this stir in England was unfavorable to

Massachusetts. It secured for her freedom of development, but drained away her life; for you will understand that the tide of emigration to New England had not only ceased, but had begun to flow the other way. The expatriation of patriotic Englishmen ended from the day of the summoning of Charles's fifth Parliament. Time would fail me to recite the names of famous New Englanders who filled the highest places in the army and navy under the Parliament or under Cromwell, and were raised to the highest posts in the civil service, or reinforced the rank and file in that day of earnest struggle. Fortunately there was a deep reservoir to be drained. At the end of ten years after Winthrop's landing, nearly twenty-one thousand Englishmen had crossed in three hundred vessels, at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds sterling; and as there were many who must needs go back and do the work of the day in England, so there were those who must needs remain. And in their twofold capacity of statesmen and of churchmen, and as custodians of ecclesiastical and of practical Christianity, the people of Boston were abundantly occupied. Their new house of worship from 1640 to 1650 was the scene of many animated and heated debates on week-days, as well as a place of prayer and religious instruction on the Lord's Day.

It seems to have been a great point with our fathers in this church to secure the attendance, at their worship and preaching, of persons whom they

deemed heretical and who did not wish to go. The son and son-in-law of Mrs. Hutchinson were so unwise as to make their appearance in Boston in 1641, and were presently called to account for reviling the churches. The fines which were imposed upon them could not be collected, because they had nothing to pay withal; but, besides being imprisoned for a while, they were compelled to make a part of First Church congregation during their enforced stay in Boston. "They refused to come to the religious assemblies except they were led, and so they came duly." Somewhat later, in 1642, La Tour, from Acadia, and his men, though "papists," as our fathers were at pains to call them, came of their own accord to our church meetings, perhaps from policy. Nevertheless, this did not ward off a very warm debate in the congregation in 1643 upon the propriety and scripturalness of having any league and fellowship with idolaters, — a discussion in which Jehoshaphat, Ahaziah, Josiah, Pharaoh Necho, Amaziah, Solomon, Abraham, and Lot fill a very large place. This same year we find unwilling worshippers at First Church in the persons of Samuel Gorton and some of his adherents. Gorton was originally a London clothier, but became afterwards a Bostonian and an antinomian, then a mystic theologian and leader of a colony, besides being — whether with or without sufficient provocation — a disturber of the peace. Planted on a kind of debatable ground between two settlements, he had already suffered a severe punish-

ment at the hands of the authorities of Rhode Island, and had made himself troublesome even to so indulgent a ruler as Roger Williams. He was, however, finally taken prisoner and brought by our governor to Boston. He, too, must go to the church, and he is willing to hear Mr. Cotton preach if he may be permitted to answer him. "So in the afternoon they came, and were placed in the fourth seat, right before the elders. Mr. Cotton in his ordinary text taught out of Acts xix. of Demetrius pleading for Diana's silver shrines or temples. After sermon Gorton desired leave to speak, which, being granted, he repeated the points of Mr. Cotton's sermon, and, coming to that of the silver shrines, he said that in the church there was nothing now but Christ, so that all our orders, ministers, sacraments were but men's inventions for show and pomp, and no other than those silver shrines of Diana," with much else which rather piques than satisfies our curiosity, and leads us to think that, however troublesome he may have been as a ruler of men, he might have been put to good use as a professor of theology. After the manner of the times it was deemed necessary to punish him and his associates with great severity, though happily for the reputation of Massachusetts they escaped the sentence of death, which some proposed. Another French delegation appears in the persons of Marie and others, who come for D'Aulney, the rival of La Tour. They are not inclined to public worship, and are acquainted by the governor with

"our manner that all men either come to our public meetings or keep themselves quiet in their houses;" so he invited them home to his own house, where they remained until sunset, reading books in Latin and French and walking in his garden. It is added that "they gave no offence."

The church mind was much engaged in the last half of this decade of years with so modifying and qualifying independency that the different congregations might have at once the privileges of freedom and the advantages of some mild and moral control. There must be a confederation at once of the colonies and of the congregations. Independency was threatened by Presbyterianism on the one hand and by chaos and anarchy on the other. The issue of the Cambridge Synod of 1646–8 was the acceptance of the Westminster confession of faith and the setting forth of New England Congregationalism as the order of the churches. In this way the congregations provided for something like united effort, and put themselves into what might be regarded as the best condition to meet the assaults which had already been begun upon them, not only by Presbyterians, but by the great company of the unchurched and the unfranchised, — by this time the large majority of the colonists. Only the church-member could vote; and the way into the church was barred. But there were many engaged to open it, — Episcopalians and moderate Calvinists, and men whose experience was rather moral than spiritual, or who were unwilling to

be questioned as to their religious exercises. Petitions upon this subject were multiplied; appeals were carried to England, and sermons were preached in First Church in which the bearer of the petition for enlargement, on his way to the mother country, was likened to Jonas. These words of the Patriarch Cotton, as our church historian, Emerson, tells us, were considered oracular. It so happened that a violent storm arose on the passage, and one of the female passengers, distracted with fear, went to Mr. Fowle, the bearer of the document, and by her cries and entreaties prevailed on him to give up the obnoxious petition, which she instantly cast into the sea. Mr. Fowle had, however, taken care to preserve the original papers, which he published on his arrival under the title of "New England's Jonas cast up in London." By the help of fines and imprisonments, and the preoccupation of Parliament with things more pressing, the movement was stayed for the time. But it was the first muttering of the tempest, and the first premonition of the change which, step by step, was to pass over New England, until in our day the exemption of houses of worship is almost the last solid vestige of the ancient order of the religious world. Ecclesiasticism in that day was universal; but nowhere, perhaps, was it put to so severe a strain as in New England. You might receive the privileges dependent upon church-membership at very little cost in the sacramental communions of the Old World, but on this side of the sea it was a serious

business for man or woman to gain admission to a church, and to retain the place which, after the most careful consideration, had been accorded. Discipline in those days was a reality. Any person who stood excommunicated six months was liable, by a law of 1638, to fine, imprisonment, or banishment. This law lasted, indeed, only a year, but this was long enough to show the mind of the community.

I ought not to pass over without some mention the missionary work amongst the Indians in which, with other churches, First Church was at this time engaged. Wilson was earnest and successful in this most difficult, but by no means unblessed enterprise. Sagamore John, near Watertown, "began to hearken after God and his ways." He was "kept down by fear of the scoffs of the Indians," but on his deathbed "sent for Mr. Wilson to come to him, and committed his only child to his care." Our pastor shared largely with the apostle Eliot in the attempt to Christianize and civilize the tribes around. We read of an Indian lecture which was much frequented by the natives, and the missionaries were greatly encouraged by the belief that they were bringing back to the fold the remains of the ten tribes of Israel scattered by the Assyrian conquest. Wilson was probably the author of a book upon the Indian mission, published in London in 1647, and entitled "The Day-Breaking if not the Sun-Rising of the Gospel with the Indians of New England." Out of this book grew, in 1649, an English society for pro-

moting and propagating the gospel in the United Colonies of New England; but already, Nov. 4, 1646, by ordering that two ministers should be sent and paid for going amongst the Indians every year, the General Court of Massachusetts became the first missionary society in Protestant Christendom. A little earlier than this, that is, in 1645, Boston voted to allow forever to the master fifty pounds and a house, and thirty pounds to an usher of a free school open to Indians as well as to whites. Free schools there were in our town from the beginning, by voluntary contributions at first, as appears from a long list of donations in 1636. These voluntary contributions were succeeded by the enforced tax which has continued to the present day.

Monday, the 26th of March, 1649, about noon, was a sad time in the Church of Boston. It was John Winthrop's last hour on earth. The townsmen gathered in their silent way for his simple, solemn funeral, Tuesday, April 3. But a little more than sixty-one years of age, he was a very young old man, and they needed his precious life. There were many things in progress which he would gladly have seen to the end. King Charles was beheaded Jan. 30, 1649, but Winthrop had not heard the tidings. We cannot resist the thought that his spirit, wiser and gentler in age than even in youth, would have brought in gentle counsels, and have devised some milder way than the death-penalty for the protection of the commonwealth

against the insanity of the Quakers, and so have saved the names of Norton and Wilson from the reproach which their share in the sad business has brought upon them; but that story belongs to the next decade, when First Church will not stand alone.

The increasing needs of the town could no longer be met by a single religious society. Out of this necessity and not out of a bitter and protracted theological controversy, as in the case of the Third Church, sprang the Second Church, which was destined soon to become a power in the community. From the 5th of June, 1650, Cotton and Wilson are no longer the only Boston ministers. Cotton's time is short, only about a year and a half; but Wilson has still a long service before him, and we leave our church in their charge. Emerson tells us in his history that in 1650 there were about forty churches in New England, and seven thousand seven hundred and fifty communicants. One thousand and thirty-four children were baptized in Boston during Cotton's ministry. Three hundred and six men and three hundred and four women had been admitted to the communion by the end of 1652, whilst seventeen persons had been publicly admonished, and five excommunicated for irreclaimable errors.

I have brought down my story to a time when the sufficiency of the Puritan method in gathering and perpetuating a church began to be seriously questioned, if it could not be freely debated. This ques-

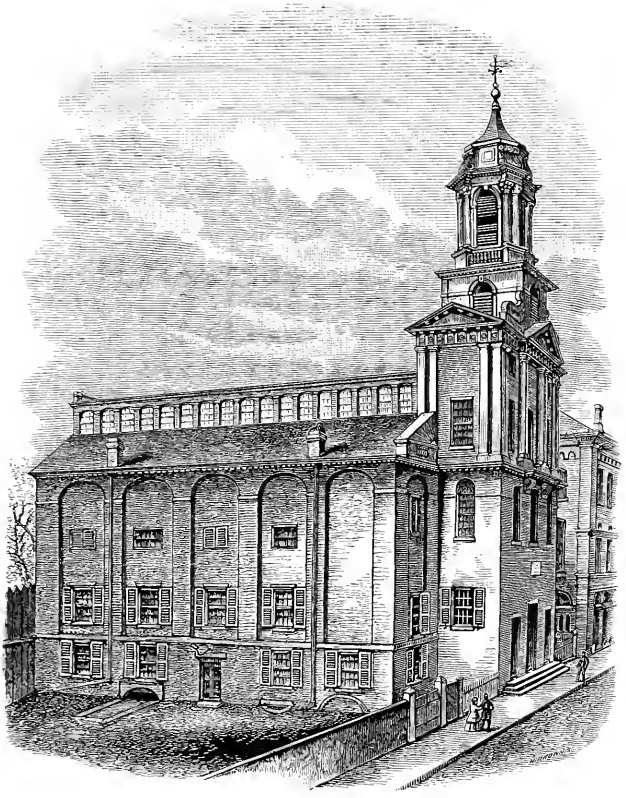
tioning was doubtless stimulated by the intimate connection between the Church and the State, and the fact that to be a church-member was to be a voter, if one desired to be. But this was not all. We have here much more and deeper than the natural wish of the majority to have some share in the government. In the Church of Puritanism there was no place save for a very pronounced Christian experience, — no place for the child growing in wisdom and stature, and yet with no deep sense of sinfulness; no place for those whose religion is rather moral than spiritual, and even that mostly of the silent sort, not loving to give an account of itself. The Puritans would have for their fellowship the highest and purest and most mature, or nothing. Roger Williams reduced this rule to its severest and most absurd terms when he refused to hold communion as a Christian with any one save his own wife. The Puritan Church was not a place for the nurture and maturing of Christians. What they sought was quality, not quantity, — a few witnesses, a few shining lights, not a multitude of the baptized and the confirmed and the church-going and the prayer-reading, with just the least tinge of Christianity. Now precisely at this point, where this problem of church-fellowship begins to be discussed under the breath, our ancient congregation comes into contact with our modern church life. It is a living question to-day how to enlarge the Christian company without so depreciating and diluting its membership that it will be

little better than a baptized heathenism. That is what we have been trying to learn. That is what others have in mind, I suppose, when they speak of "the godly discipline of the laity." Half-way covenants, the relaxation of the demand for a statement of religious experience by the proposed communicant, the opening of the church to any who choose to come without any questions or conditions, have all been congregational experiments in this direction, and they have not been successful; on the contrary, the wider the doors are open the fewer care to enter, as if they felt that there is no treasure within. Slender as the company of communicants may be in what are called the orthodox churches, it tends to grow smaller, even to a vanishing point, in what are called the liberal churches. Upon this matter for years now my own ministerial mind has been much exercised, and I can state almost in a word the conclusion which I seem to have reached. We want a church so simply, naturally Christian, that the young may belong to it, the young in the years of opening manhood and womanhood, and we want to see that they belong to it and are placed in it with due and fitting outward observance, their own confirmation of their baptism. There is a tide in the religious life for whose rising we are to watch. Make your church not merely a choice collection of eminent saints, but a school of Christian disciples, and remember, in holding your examinations for admission, that the point is to see not how many can be kept

out, but how many may be regarded as fitted to get good from its loving discipline. My chief injunction to a successor in this ministerial office would be: Stand in the ways with the simplest of church covenants, like this of ours, in your hands, and invite the young to come into the Christian congregation as into a home whose light and love and memories and examples shall make their every-day lives purer and happier by an inward and divine necessity, and because they are enriched and enlarged, even as by the spirit of Christ. No outward crowd any longer clamors and petitions for church-membership as a baptismal right; but there are hundreds and thousands who need to have the meaning of their baptism interpreted to them, and to be taught the blessed truth that they are indeed, as they have been solemnly declared to be, God's children in a world which is his as much as any other world created or to be created. We need the old, earnest, serious understanding of church-membership, and yet we must cherish the thought that Christianity was made for man, and is never rightly understood or preached when it fails to get a response from the youthful and glad as well as from the aged and stricken, from those who are seeking what is best and most precious as well as from those who are burdened with sin and sorrow.

In Salem, in the year 1638, "one Oliver his wife," so we read, "was imprisoned for holding amongst other opinions which were considered very danger-

ous, that all who dwell in the same town and will profess their faith in Christ Jesus ought to be received to the sacraments there, and that she was persuaded that, if Paul were at Salem, he would call all the inhabitants there saints." Some five years after the poor woman was whipped, and had a cleft stick put on her tongue for half an hour, for reproaching the elders; but did she not tell the truth about the Church which ought to be and shall be, — the church, not of human selection, but of divine election, — the sons and daughters of God, of whom saith the Prophet, "And thy children shall all be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children"?



FOURTH HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

CHAUNCY PLACE.

1808.

A

SERMON

PREACHED TO

THE FIRST CHURCH,

ON THE

Close of their Second Century,

29 AUGUST, 1830.

BY N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

SERMON.

"REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD, CONSIDER THE YEARS OF MANY GENERATIONS." — *Deut.* xxxii. 7.

"I HAVE CONSIDERED THE DAYS OF OLD, THE YEARS OF ANCIENT TIMES." — *Ps.* lxxvii. 5.

THE life of man is measured by years. The more lengthened existence of communities and states is counted in generations. Is it fanciful to think that in estimating the comparative duration of each, a twelvemonth in one corresponds to an age in the other? Threescore and ten revolutions of the sun fix the limits that leave to the individual "no portion," or but a feeble one, "in anything that is done under" its beams. And threescore and ten of those periods, which are ordinarily computed to mark the successions of human life, are old age for a nation. None of the kingdoms of Europe yet approach that longevity of two thousand years, and most of them are youthful in comparison with it. If it has ever been surpassed by any of the ancient nations of Asia or Egypt, it was only to see their institutions overthrown, their memory a ruin, their very speech

changed, and the stranger and conqueror pressing upon the remnants of their faculties and the decrepitude of their strength. Thus it is that governments and states and tribes flourish and pass away, as well as the mortal man who mixes for a while his transient interests with them. The very land that we till seems to demand occasional respites of desolation. The great globe itself, if we may credit the testimonies of history and the analogies of reason, must have its alternations of ruin. For everything there is a longer or shorter period, which we may grow wiser by contemplating. What is gone is always full of instruction for those who are themselves hastening away. Moses, who lived in the early twilight of the world, commanded his tribes to "remember the years of many generations;" and David, with whom the fame of his nation began, employed himself in considering the "days of ancient times."

When we think of the broad circles of empire that have spread themselves and faded over the earth, we may be ready to look on the space which the annals of our own community include as a span. But in truth the two hundred years that it has already stood are by no means to be accounted an inconsiderable time. Especially when we reflect that it did not grow up, like most others, from obscure and slow beginnings, but started at once into active, independent, intelligent life,—feeble, indeed, at first, through the smallness of its numbers, but with nothing about

it of the ignorance of childhood or the rashness of youth. It was commenced on this side of the sea, with all the improvement that ages had been working out on the other. Without anything of the thoughtlessness of young and wild adventure, it was composed of as sober and resolute men as ever staked their all on a holy enterprise. Without anything of fiction wrapt about its origin, its first words were those of a noble history, and the eyes of the most cultivated portions of Europe watched its growth here in the wilderness. One is impatient of those celebrators of the national independence who speak as if our civil existence were scarcely to be dated earlier than the declaration of that event. It is as if one should date the deep foundation of England herself from her last revolution, which would make her half a century younger than we. The freest spirits of the freest nation then known founded the colony; and not a man of them but stood as erect on his rights at his first landing as any of his descendants have done since. Those rights were never relinquished for a moment. The fact is deserving of more attention than it has received, that in 1630 the full privileges of as free a charter as could then be framed by those who gave up all for that freedom were publicly transferred from the soil of Great Britain to these poor shores in the West. The liberty that was not permitted there was by some strange concurrence, which we hardly know how to explain, solemnly guaranteed here. And

here it came to dwell. And from that day to this, in all the ways of prudence and bravery, it has been steadily maintained.

Two hundred years of such maturity are not to be spoken of lightly. It is a space bearing a good proportion to that which gave the most refined people of antiquity all their glories of letters and art, and to that which meted out to the mightiest people that have yet risen on earth the most valuable portions of their dominion. With us every year has been a narrative of plain but vigorous life; while a great part of the history of nations is usually the fable of their beginnings or the tedious tragedy of their decline.

I am dwelling, perhaps, too long on a train of reflections which every one who feels his New England parentage, having once begun it, must find it hard to quit. As a child, however, of that honorable and pious descent, I must yet add one thought more to so long a preface, and bless God that our land was marked out as by a special Providence for the residence of just such men as came to look over the waters after its rugged but safe asylum. Before they established themselves in it, it was sought by the ambitious, that here they might set up their arbitrary establishments; but these soon went back to climates more congenial to the growth of temporal dominion and ecclesiastical pride. It was sought by the adventurous and licentious; but it repelled those with the rough touch of its deprivations and dangers.

The counsels of princes, the plans of the worldly-wise, the efforts of the daring, all came to nothing as they turned towards it. It was reserved in the decrees of the Almighty for those only who were sustained by an inflexible faith, and thus fitted for the great work which they were commissioned to accomplish. We may dissent from some of the points of that faith. We may wonder at some of them. But it gave those who held it a strength that no earthly principle could inspire. It gave them the success for which every earthly motive was found vain. It helped them sow the land, when it was but just cleared of its forests, with those pregnant hopes of learning and religion, which no zeal short of their own could have made to grow. We are sitting under the blessed shade, into which those germs have spread; and it would ill become us to find fault with imperfections, without which the great work itself might possibly have been left imperfect. A severe education is often seen to be favorable to the individual man, leaving on his mind an abiding and salutary impression, a strong bent towards the right, while it permits him to forget something of the rudiments of its first instructions. The case is not otherwise with states. Who can doubt that New England owes the elements of her present character, and the institutions that make her peculiarly what she is, to the discipline of her Puritan ancestry, — though it may sometimes have seemed stern like her coasts, and gloomy as her

early fortunes? Who can endure to think that, instead of the deep principles of those thoughtful men, we might have had laid as the foundations of the country the rotten theories of irreligion and misrule, or any of the shallow devices of modern innovators?

Two centuries have passed since this church was gathered, — the first of the long line of churches in this populous town. Its records are older than those of the town itself, since it was formed before this peninsula was settled, or even the name now given to it was thought of. It was gathered under circumstances of peculiar affliction, when disease was thinning the little company, that had scarcely yet recovered themselves from the weariness of the sea and the desolateness of their new condition. In the spirit of a considerate and courageous sorrow, its first preparations were devoutly arranged. With solemn but humble forms were those preparations completed. Its first members belonged to a class of people whom a high foreign authority has called "the most remarkable body of men which the world has ever produced."[1] The first name on its list is that of one who, in any age, might be held up as a model of a magistrate and a Christian man. Its first covenant is distinguished only by its superior dignity and simplicity from those which are most commended at the present day. Its first assembly was under the shade of a tree on the other side of

[1] Edinburgh Review, xlii. 337, Art. *Milton*.

Charles River. Its first house of worship was on this side of the stream, and was built with mud walls and a roof of straw. These were lowly accommodations. Yet they corresponded well enough, not only with their situation at the time, but with their sober devotions at any time. For they had so long felt their minds constrained under high ceilings of chiselled stone, that they were glad of the poorest building which they could raise for themselves, and content with the freedom even of the tall forests which "were God's first temples." They had learned, too, from their own excited minds an independence of all outward state in religion. They needed none of it in their intense communion with Heaven. Their feeling of God's presence was too strong upon them to admit of being aided by any magnificence that belonged to this world.

Such were the beginnings of this church. They might seem melancholy to us if they were not so noble. They were like the beginning of the gospel itself, — a voice in the wilderness, — a cry to repent, but at the same time a promise of a kingdom of God at hand. If the history of the church had not been written already by one of its ministers,[1] this would not be the place to enter into any minute details concerning its progress. They might have been looked for a hundred years ago, when the first century sermon was preached by Mr. Foxcroft, whom several of my respected hearers can well remember,

[1] The Rev. William Emerson.

— so fast do our generations crowd on one another. They were not entered into then, and they could now be made neither interesting nor manageable. In the place of them, I will ask your attention to a few general results, drawn from a comparison between the elder days of the church and the present; with the view of showing that while we should honor what was well done then, we should be grateful for our own superior privileges. It is natural to celebrate the past. I bless God that we find so much there to applaud and be grateful for. I would that the praise were tenfold louder and more sincere among us than it is, so far as filial respect, and the most sacred remembrances, and the love of liberty and truth demand it. But let the admiration be discriminating. I would distinguish between the times themselves and the men who lived in those times. It is a distinction that is of the utmost consequence, though perpetually overlooked by panegyrists on one hand and cavillers on the other. We have to learn more reverence perhaps than we yet feel for our fathers and their compeers, — men whose most eloquent praises have after all been spoken on the other side of the Atlantic. But it is quite another thing to applaud the state of opinions and manners at that period, — and a further extravagance still to depreciate our own as contrary to them. The cry of degeneracy and defection has become too old to be worth attending to. It was uttered from the beginning in various tones of lamentation. "Either I am in

an apoplexy," writes one,[1] within seventeen years of Governor Winthrop's landing, "or that man is in a lethargy who doth not now sensibly feel the heavens trembling over his head and the earth under his feet; so that little light of comfort or counsel is left to the sons of men." Mr. Foxcroft in his century sermon bewails "the shaking times," as he calls them, in which he was born, and expresses his fears lest "Boston should have the reproachful name of Lost Town bestowed on it." Disregarding all these complaints and evil prophecies, whether of ancient or recent date, and in open dissent from those who would bring us back to the religious opinions and usages which we have forsaken, I will lay my finger on a few points, which will prove to us that some advancement has been made in the course of two hundred years. "Remember," say some, "the days of old, consider the years of many generations," — as if our only safety was in the imitation of them. We reply, "I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times," and let us see to what purpose.

I. Two hundred years ago there prevailed a set of scriptural impressions and interpretations, which our better light has exposed, but which gave a strong shade to opinions on government as well as faith, and threw a sort of spectral influence on the ordinary affairs of life. Rational and philosophical views of the Bible were unknown in the land; and yet the Bible was compelled to speak in all natural and un-

[1] Ward's "Simple Cobbler of Aggawam."

natural ways on every subject of concern. The code of Moses was thought to be a fit pattern for modern legislation; and the project of a theocracy, which is, in plainer language, an administration of priests, was seriously contemplated. The tribes of Judah and Israel were supposed to offer suitable examples for those who had crossed into a new world. The oracles of the prophets were believed to be predictions of what the passing and the coming days were to fulfil. Questions of sudden emergency, and difficulties that belonged to their peculiar situation, were settled by a reference to the Book of Kings or the Song of Solomon. I find the famous Mr. Cotton[1] tasking his acute mind to prove that a liturgy is a breach of the second commandment, which forbids the making of any graven image. Happy would it have been if such ideas of the Scriptures had been confined to verbal disputes, and outward usages, and designs that were never executed. But they had not always so innocent an ending. It was unluckily written in the Pentateuch, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." This law was enforced only fifteen years after the founding of the colony; and in the same century broke out that fatal infatuation, which we are unable tó think of without horror and grief. Nothing would be more unjust than to charge this foolish cruelty upon our ancestors, as if the delusion was peculiarly theirs. I charge it against the superstitiousness of the age. The executions in England

[1] Way of the Churches of Christ in New England, 71.

for that imaginary crime were very far more numerous than here; and it was punished with death by the authority of the most enlightened tribunals in Europe. It is not a hundred years since the presbytery at Edinburgh denounced the repeal of the penal laws against witchcraft as a national sin. And even this tenacity of error does not seem to me more strange than the words of a Scottish historian[1] published but the other day, who suggests that there might have been "an actual appropriation of that mysterious agency, which Scripture assures us did once exist, and which no equal authority has ever proved to be extinguished." It was not so slowly that the men of New England learned wisdom.

II. Two hundred years ago the civil and religious interests of men were entangled together. The church stretched out its hand to the sword of the magistracy, and the magistracy girt its brows with the terrors of the church. This was no invention of our fathers. It was what they had received from theirs. They only did not wholly disclaim it. It was an impurity and an abuse, which their spirit of liberty, as it refined itself, was gradually to throw off. But there it was, — the occasion of perpetual disorders in their infant community. Theological disputes were accounted matters for civil jurisdiction. The governor and the pastor were seen either to withstand one another, or to join in the exercise of a common sway.

[1] Grahame's History of the Rise and Progress of the United States of North America, vol. i. 465.

The church, while it excluded from its communion all but the regenerate, — an exclusion which is still considered by some to have been a very scriptural and praiseworthy practice, — excluded also all but its members from the freedom of the political body. The rest had not the common rights of citizenship. This tyranny was indeed early resisted, and one synod after another decided in favor of their disfranchised brethren. I wish I could add that the First Church was found true on that occasion to the true cause. I wish there did not lie upon her the reproach of bitter dealings with her more liberal sister, the Old South, who nobly went off from her at that time for liberty's sake.

III. Two hundred years ago there was no such thing as toleration. In practice it was unknown, save of a few mild spirits; and even in open theory it was condemned and derided. "He that is willing," says a writer whom I have already quoted,[1] "to tolerate any religion or discrepant way of religion, besides his own, either doubts of his own, or is not sincere in it. There is no truth but one, and of the persecution of true religion and toleration of false, the last is far the worst. It is said that men ought to have liberty of conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it. I can rather stand amazed than reply to this. It is an astonishment that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance." Another thus expresses him-

[1] Ward.

self:[1] "The outcry of some is for liberty of conscience. This is the great Diana of the libertines of this age. I look upon toleration as the first-born of all iniquities. If it should be brought forth among us, you may call it GAD, *a troop cometh*, a troop of all manner of abominations." Most of the Puritans of this period thought it impossible that different sects should exist peaceably together in the same community; and even when oppressed themselves they exclaimed against universal toleration. But in this they only took part in a general sentiment. Even the philosophic Lord Bacon thought that uniformity in religious sentiment and worship was essential to the support of government. Who had taught them any better? Where were they to find any worthier example? Was not the whole world in arms against those principles, which they had come into a desert to enjoy? And was nothing to be allowed for men who had made such dreary sacrifices? They had fled to the ends of the world, that they might have a way of their own. They invited none to share their "poor cottages in the wilderness," where they were "overshadowed," as their own beautiful language ran, "with the spirit of supplication." They warned all who were not partakers of their own faith and feeling, to spare their tranquillity and leave them to their retreat. We cannot surely confound such men with vulgar persecu-

[1] President Oakes's Century Sermon, 1673. Similar opinions might be quoted from Higginson's Election Sermon, 1663; Shepard's Election Sermon, 1672; Cotton's "Bloody Tenent Washed," etc.

tors. This would be injustice in any. It would be irreverence and ingratitude in us. Look at Europe as it was at that moment, instead of inveighing against them. To say nothing of the circumstances that banished them from the land which they never ceased to love, James the First had, but a little while before, burnt at the stake two of his subjects for Arianism; and it was a considerable time afterwards that the great national edict of toleration in France was revoked by a bigoted and profligate king. Do not make it too hard against them, that they were not further in advance of the rest of mankind,—that they had not yet attained where none were perfect,—that they sometimes exercised, out of a deep love for what they deemed to be God's truth and their own right, a small measure of that power which was employed elsewhere in the full insolence of despotism, by the cunning, the conceited, the ambitious, and the dissolute.

We have gone back two hundred years. Change now the point of view. Come forward a short space. Suppose the last of those self-denying men who planted this colony to have rested from their labors. See what was accomplished in the course of that single generation, and you will need nothing beside for their defence or their eulogy. They had begun to build their own ships for their increasing commerce. They had stamped coin, which has always been classed among the exercises of sovereignty. They had founded a university. They had

seen many of the most illustrious names in the mother land, even those of prelates and noblemen, associated with their spreading improvements. They left all the interests of the country flourishing. Boston alone contained fifteen hundred families; and intelligent strangers who visited the provinces of New England went back to tell of a state of order and enterprise, of refinement and hospitality, equal to their own, beyond the western waters. When was ever a generation that did so much? They have left their monuments in the effects which they wrought, in the institutions which they bequeathed, in the prosperity which they established, in the characters which they bore, in the examples which they have made immortal.

I cannot conclude this discourse, already perhaps too long, without calling up the memories of those who have been ministering servants to our church in the days that are gone. There will be time for little more than to speak out their names, as their solemn train passes before us. The first is WILSON. Associated with nobles in the English realm, he came here for religion's sake, to be installed teacher of a church in the open air, just two hundred years ago. Blessings on his meek head! His zeal had no mixture of sternness with it. He was a pattern of wisdom and gentleness, in an age that had great need of it all. The next is JOHN COTTON. His fame was great in the colleges and congregations of his own country, before he crossed over to this. Boston re-

ceived its name from the English town in Lincolnshire where he formerly ministered, and our institutions may almost be said to have been moulded by his extraordinary influence. Honor to so learned and commanding a man! though the venerable sweetness of his older colleague has more charms for me than either his learning or command. Some of his posterity are still worshippers with us, and the children of his present successor are his direct descendants in the seventh generation. NORTON. He had neither the soft, healing dispositions of the first, nor the bright gifts of the second. But his attainments entitled him to a better fate than to be thrown into the whirl of political intrigues and disappointments, and to die of a broken heart. DAVENPORT, the patriarch of New Haven, and of such celebrity as to be invited, together with Cotton, to the great assembly of divines at Westminster. He gave to this place but the feeble residue of his old age, and that little was tormented with disputes, which his best days would probably have done nothing to reconcile. Let him pass in peace. ALLEN. His protracted ministry seems to have been rather occupied with silent usefulness than adorned with any renown. OXENBRIDGE, on the contrary, was honored during a short career. He was struck with death in the very act of conducting the services of the Lord's house. MOODEY was the first child of New England who officiated in this church. His benevolent and intrepid mind should now be commemorated the

rather because the sour prejudices of his own times did him wrong. Bailey and Wadsworth and Bridge were men of a faithful heart, whom no body of Christian believers on earth need have been ashamed to acknowledge. The labors of the diligent Foxcroft offer much to be commended; though we may well account it a serious exception to the praise, that he admired the fanaticism of Whitefield and censured the liberality of Tillotson. With Chauncy a new era commenced. He viewed religion with naked human eyes, and not in unreal visions, or through the discolored and distorting medium of technical systems. He looked upon the world, and was not afraid to bind up his hopes in the common hopes of mankind. He looked up to Heaven, and its throne was to him filled with the unclouded radiancy of love. He beheld the churches agitated with a storm of religious excitement, and he rebuked both the winds and the sea. None of you need to be reminded of the excellent graces of Clarke. The regrets for him are still warm, though his amiable features have long been dust. He had the virtues of Wilson with a better creed, and like Oxenbridge, he was smitten, as he stood in the pulpit, by the angel of death. Emerson follows next. There are many affectionate recollections among you of his zeal as a minister and his extraordinary social worth. You rejoiced but for a little while in his mild light. He was cut off in the midst of his active and devoted course, but he has left the characters of his

children to praise him in the gate. Then, like the shadow that his early promise has become, — scarcely seen but to depart, scarcely speaking among you but to expire, — passes the friendly ABBOTT, and closes the line.

There is one more name, however, to which I cannot refrain from giving utterance. It is that of him who was all but yours, and who would have been wholly so, perhaps, if one less worthy had not been called to occupy his place, — it is MCKEAN. I see in your eyes how well you remember that ardent and noble spirit. He was the friend of us all; and I am sure there is no one here who, if called by any circumstances to the island where he died, would not inquire for the place where he rests, and piously remove from his green grave any coarse growths that might make it unsightly.

Brethren, I have endeavored to fulfil a duty which, at the return of a new century, seems to be demanded by the living and the dead. I have "considered the days of old, the years of ancient times." But who can confine his imagination to the past? A hundred years more! What have they in reserve to show after their revolution is ended? Nothing for us. They will scarcely find the children of our children alive. But may they have blessings to shower down on the Church of God, whose date is not measured by centuries, and on the immortal cause of human good!

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

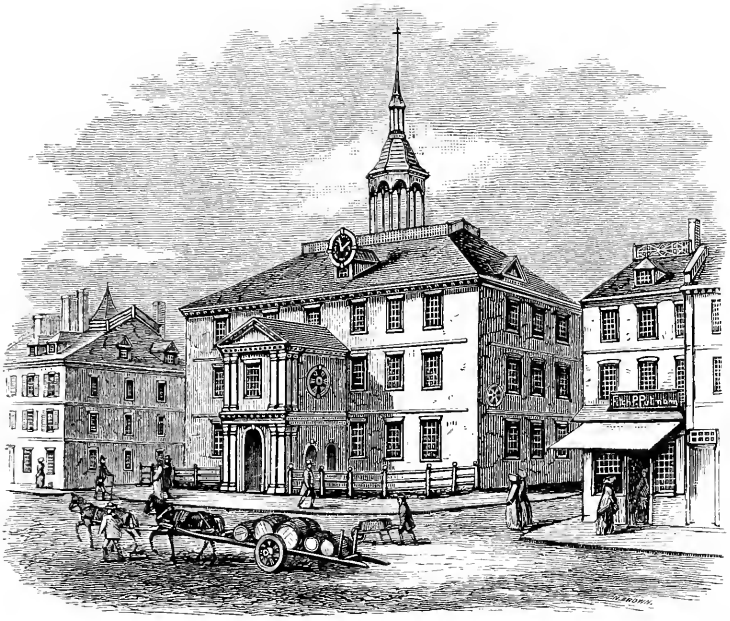
BY THE

FIRST CHURCH IN BOSTON,

UPON THE

Completion of Two Hundred and Fifty Years,

THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1880.



THIRD HOUSE OF WORSHIP: "THE OLD BRICK."

SITE OF JOY'S BUILDING, WASHINGTON STREET.

1713.

COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES.

THE beautiful house of worship of the First Church was decorated for the Festival with simple, but striking and appropriate ornaments. Upon the front of the spire on Berkeley Street, before it reached the height of the roof, was a large draped surface, covered with American and British flags arranged in glories, in a bordering of blue bunting festooned with red and white rosettes. Across the centre was the inscription "1630 to 1880," and beneath hung the old Pine Tree flag of Massachusetts. In the interior of the church were two lofty banners, one on each side of the chancel. The one on the left bore, in red Gothic letters on a gold-colored ground, the names of the ministers of the church, as follows: —

JOHN WILSON	1630 to 1667
JOHN COTTON	1633 to 1652
JOHN NORTON	1656 to 1663
JOHN DAVENPORT	1668 to 1670
JAMES ALLEN	1668 to 1710
JOHN OXENBRIDGE	1670 to 1674
JOSHUA MOODY	1684 to 1697
JOHN BAILEY	1693 to 1697
BENJAMIN WADSWORTH	1696 to 1737
THOMAS BRIDGE	1705 to 1715
THOMAS FOXCROFT	1717 to 1769
CHARLES CHAUNCY, D.D.	1727 to 1787
JOHN CLARK, D.D.	1778 to 1798
WILLIAM EMERSON	1799 to 1811
JOHN L. ABBOT	1813 to 1814
N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D.	1815 to 1850
RUFUS ELLIS, D.D.	1853

The other, on the right, bore in similar colors the following legend: —

From Winthrop's "History of New England."

"July 5, 1632. The pastor of Boston, Mr. Wilson, a very sincere, holy man, . . . told the Governor that, before he was resolved to come into this country, he dreamed he was here, and that he saw a church arise out of the earth, which grew up and became a marvellous, goodly church."

The front of the pulpit and choir was adorned with wreaths of glossy green leaves and scarlet passion-flowers. About the chancel was a profusion of tropical and flowering plants in pots, making a little forest of bright colors around the desk of the speakers. At the right of the pulpit the communion-table was spread with the old historical pieces of church silver, all of it given by former ministers, deacons, and church-members, with the tall, embossed cup, the gift of Governor John Winthrop, conspicuous in the centre.

In the evening the figures "1630–1880" were shown in gas jets above the main entrance. The chapel was decorated with wreaths of green leaves and with flowers, and on its walls were hung the portraits of many of the former ministers, as follows: —

JOHN WILSON . . .	belonging to	the Mass. Historical Society.
JOHN COTTON . . .	„	„ Hon. R. C. Winthrop.
JOHN DAVENPORT . .	„	„ Yale College.
BENJAMIN WADSWORTH	„	„ Harvard University.
JOHN CLARK, D.D. . .	„	„ Miss Esther C. Mack, Salem.
WILLIAM EMERSON . .	„	„ Ralph Waldo Emerson.
N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D.	„	„ Mrs. N. D. Hubbard.

And a fine marble bust of Dr. RUFUS ELLIS, belonging to the society, occupied an appropriate place on its pedestal. There were also hung on the walls other portraits, as follows: —

Gov. JOHN WINTHROP . . .	belonging to	Hon. R. C. Winthrop.
Gov. THOMAS DUDLEY . . .	„	„ Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

The other pictures exhibited were —

A view of the head of State Street, belonging to the Massachusetts Historical Society, painted by James B. Marston, April 19, 1801, showing the First "Old Brick" Church (the third building of the society).

A recent ideal picture belonging to Williams and Everett, painted by W. F. Halsall, representing the arrival of Winthrop's fleet in Boston Harbor.

An engraving of the Boston Massacre, March 5, 1770, showing the Old State House and the First Church. [The frame of this engraving formerly belonged to Francis Rotch, Esq., owner of the tea-ships, December, 1773.]

A small painting of the "Old Brick" Church that stood in Cornhill, now Washington Street.

A photograph of the church in Chauncy Place.

An engraving of the great Church of St. Botolph's, in Boston, England.

A photograph of the Unitarian Chapel in Boston, England.

A photograph of the tower of St. Botolph's Church, in Boston, England.

There were executed for this occasion four large drawings of the several churches of the society, from the first rude structure with mud walls and a thatched roof to the present beautiful edifice; and a drawing of the Church of St. Botolph in Boston, England, all of which were also hung upon the walls. The pictures not belonging to the society were kindly loaned by their owners.

The massive ancient communion plate was appropriately displayed in a large glass case.

The committee were much assisted in their preparations for the celebration by Messrs. Ware and Van Brunt, the architects of the church.

Thursday had been selected amongst the week-days for these services, in remembrance of the Thursday Lecture, which had been brought over from the English Boston, and had been preached in First Church even to the

present generation, though its course is run and it is no longer amongst the living. It was the eighteenth day of November, not without clouds and rain, followed, however, by a clear cold evening sky. Two of the clock was the hour assigned for the afternoon exercises, and by that time a large company gathered, and the church was filled with the congregation and their guests. The chancel had been expanded into a platform, which was occupied by the speakers and by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a son of a former pastor, with Mr. Justin Winsor and Mr. Marshall P. Wilder, the Rev. Drs. A. P. Peabody, Frederic H. Hedge, and Edward Everett Hale. The services were somewhat longer than had been provided for, but were followed with deep interest by the audience to their close, a little before six o'clock. A large number of our guests remained with us through the evening, and took part with the society in the further observance of the day in the church and in the chapel, with music and a social reunion.

The services opened with an Organ Voluntary.

The Address of Welcome was then pronounced by Hon. NATHANIEL SILSBEE, as follows: —

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — We are met together to-day to commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of this the "First Church of Christ in Boston," by men few in number, who came from across the ocean to found both civil and religious liberty. I have been requested to say to you the introductory words of welcome, in the place of the president of your Festival Committee, Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, to whose liberality in connection with this church we are so much indebted, and whose absence we all regret. I now, therefore, in the name of the committee, of your

minister, and of the parish, bid you each and all a cordial welcome. The exercises will be conducted by your minister, and, in addition to the religious services, you will be addressed by eloquent men familiar with the history of our Puritan fathers, and of those who have endeavored to walk in their footsteps. May we not hope that the large number of this congregation who have gone before us, and whom we believe to be now in the spirit land, will join in communion with us at this time? I ask your attention to your minister, the Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis.

The minister of the church then offered the following prayer: —

God over all, forever blessed! we thank thee for this day and hour; help us to bring unto thee hearts of gratitude, and to pray unto thee a faithful prayer. In the midst of years which have been crowned with thy goodness we praise thy mercy and thy truth. We consider the generations of old, and our hearts say unto us, Did ever any trust in thee and were confounded? We thank thee for good examples and brave testimonies, for the faith which wrought righteousness and obtained promises, for those who, being dead, yet speak. Fathers and children, and children's children, in the wilderness and in the place of habitations, in the body and out of the body, thou hast made us to be one family in thee, and thy care and love for

thy household cannot be told. In this hour of gratitude and solemn joy may the meditation of our hearts and the answer of our lips be from the Almighty and the All-merciful. Gathered into thy presence and taught by thy Spirit, may our hearts burn with a deeper love and a new desire to see the coming of thy kingdom. Make this church a glorious church; may our eyes see the King in his beauty and follow him in his faithfulness. Show unto us more clearly the way of his divine life, and guide and uphold us in his blessed footsteps. We pray for all that love thee; we pray that all may learn to love thee, and that, loving thee, they may love one another even as Christ loved us. O God and Father of our Lord Jesus! fashion our whole being into his dear likeness, and help us with one heart and one voice to pray as he hath taught us: Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Rev. JOSEPH T. DURYEA, D.D., minister of the Central Church, then read the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: —

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

The reading was followed by the singing of the Te Deum in G by the choir of the church.

The minister then spoke as follows: —

"In this month of November, two hundred and fifty years ago, the fathers and mothers of this congregation were looking forward not without a reasonable anxiety, and yet with a deep trust, to their first winter in their new and almost wilderness home. To eyes that look upon the outward appearance, it was the day of small things; to Him who looks not upon the outward appearance, it was the day

of great things, great faith, great hope, great love. We, who in the good providence of God have come into their places and entered into their labors, are not willing that their confidence should be disappointed, and we have called together our kindred and our neighbors to rejoice with us and by seasonable speech to build us up to the measure and stature of our high trust. They have kindly answered our call, and it is my pleasant duty not to detain you with any words of my own or to repeat what I have already said to the congregation; but to pronounce the names of some who are dear and familiar to you all, and with you to wait upon their words.

"Happily I can call upon one who is in every sense my brother, to tell you the story of this church. I have heard of a very idle son of a very industrious father who was in the habit of saying to his neighbors, 'You shall hardly find two men who have done as much work as my father and myself;' and I am sure that you will agree with me that it would be impossible to find two men in the Commonwealth who know as much about the history of our church and State as my brother and myself. Let me ask the Rev. Dr. GEORGE E. ELLIS to address you."

ADDRESS OF DR. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

We are commemorating the two hundred and fiftieth year of the gathering and planting, by exiles from England, of the First Church of Christ on the virgin soil of Boston. The First Church, — a simple and august title, as distinctive of primacy and of a fruitful parentage. Most fitting it is that those "men and women" who compose the special present membership of this church should on this occasion be merged in this

larger company, comprehensive and representative as it is of the offshoots and outgoings, in manifold variety, of the original plant, in scion or graft, with life from the vital sap. The old church welcomes us all to-day, as to a home without walls. Still the invitation which summons us is that of the First Church, meeting in the fifth of its successive houses of worship, — one for each of its half-centuries. A question, leading deeper than we can now follow it, naturally comes to us with this occasion and observance. What is the bond of succession and continuity, not to use the strong word identity, which connects this existing religious fellowship, in covenant, pastorate, and membership, in symbol, in purpose, and in fact, with that ancient wilderness church? There are heirlooms, objects of outward sense, not without real significance of a rightful inheritance. The original records of covenant and membership are still here, unbroken, continuous, in the distinctive qualities of church registers. These sacramental vessels, beginning with the cup of communion, the gift of the ever-honored and revered first Governor and first signer of the covenant, and gathering their additions, as votive offerings in life or death from members in their generations, have passed from hand to hand and lip to lip during the months of all these years. The transfers and title-deeds of sites of land sold or purchased for successive edifices, legally recorded, assure the rights of the present proprietors in the property of their

predecessors. These, however, are relics and tokens of things of sense, temporal and material. Through eight generations of our fleeting race on earth has been transmitted an inheritance in interests, experiences, and hopes, which we trust still has its witness here, concerned with what is spiritual, passing within the veil. The covenant stained into that illuminated window, so calmly and sweetly worded in our dear old English tongue, reminds us of a more serious trust which has passed down through this church of Christ. Are those whose inheritance it is, bound by any living tie of sympathy, fidelity, purpose of heart, consecrating aim in life, to those who entered into that covenant?

While so many are to speak to you, I must restrict myself to a single theme from a most fruitful subject for retrospect and thought. Yet, when we ask how this church of to-day assures its relation of succession to that original First Church, we are reminded that all that is of real import in the question carries us back into a matter of larger interest. Those who first entered into church covenant here were not waifs, orphans from any previous Christian heritage. They called themselves members of the Church of England, and claimed that they were transplanting a root of it in the wilderness. None the less they originated and introduced here a method in church organization, a mode and order of worship, and an administration of discipline divergent from those of the Church

of England at the date of their coming. Their system, soon called Congregationalism, is substantially that adopted and approved by all Christian fellowships in this country, save the prelatical ones, Roman and Anglican. Why this change, this novelty, this breach or schism, which, it is asserted by many, put our fathers and ourselves outside the true fold of Christ? The question is made to be a grave one, as it concerns their rectitude of avowal and conduct. The pastors and chief members of the church had been, till their coming hither, in communion, by a qualified conformity, with the Church of England; and they afterwards, on marked occasions, refused to regret or renounce that communion. They insisted, in life and death, that they were children and nurslings of that fold. As the ocean-shores of their beloved home were fading on their view from the deck of their vessel, with aching hearts and tearful eyes they tenderly apostrophized their "dear Mother Church," tracing to it their gospel nurture, and asking that the prayers of its assemblies might span the seas for a benediction on their "poor cottages in the wilderness." Yet, seemingly as if rejoicing to be rid of some of its accustomed ways and usages, they here turned their faces from it, and, as if by silent accord, spontaneously, without debate, explanation, or vindication, they dropped the surplice and the service-book, the altar-rail and ritual, the chant and the responses, and adopted other ways of

their own in their Sunday assembly. The Common Prayer Book, litanies and ceremonies, vestry-men and wardens, were disused. Not a line or word of explanation, if ever such was written, remains to us, accounting for this spontaneous, unchallenged abandonment of a wonted method, and the adoption of a new one. Why was this?

Let me note here a fact curious and significant. The very rarest volume — so rare that I know not of a single copy — in all our treasured repositories, shelves, and cabinets of relics, books, and papers, gathered from the homes of our first generation here, is the Book of Common Prayer, of previous or contemporary editions. We do not find it in the very minute inventories of the estates of the earliest comers here; when probated, these inventories often containing lists of books by titles. Neither the Library of the Historical Society nor the Prince Library, amid the mass of tracts and volumes of the first exiles, has in keeping a copy of the Prayer-book. What is especially noteworthy, we have the inventory, and a list of the books — nearly two hundred — left by William Blackstone, probated in the year of his death, one year before his house and its contents were burned by the Indians. He was the first English resident on this peninsula, and also in orders as a minister of the Church of England. Many of his books are classed by size, without titles, and the Prayer-book may have been among them; but it is not men-

tioned, though we note on the list "3 Bibles." Governor Winthrop gave a copy of the book to the infant college, lost when the precious old library was burned, Jan. 24, 1764. The governor, however, mentions a copy of the book belonging to his son, which came to a humiliating fate. It seems not to have been lying, as we should say, on the centre-table of a home, nor on a shelf with the Bible, nor kept at hand in a bed-chamber, but in a place "where was corn of divers sorts." "The Greek Testament, the Psalms, and the Common Prayer were bound together." The son "found the Common Prayer eaten with mice, every leaf of it, and not any of the two other touched." The honored governor notes this phenomenon as "a thing worthy of observation," without any dismay or regret, rather as if impressed by it as a special rebuking Providence. The editor of Winthrop suggests as an explanation of the prodigy, that "the mice, not liking psalmody, and not understanding Greek, took their food from another part of the volume." But a kindlier solution offers: The well-thumbed pages of the liturgy, long and devoutly used by somebody, had given a savory flavor to its leaves, which the mice appreciated.[1]

But what became of all the copies of the Book of

[1] It is not literally the fact that "every leaf" of the Prayer-book was thus nibbled, as the governor says; for the mice stopped their ravages at the "Order for the Visitation of the Sick." The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop has in his possession the identical volume, as also another copy of the Common Prayer, bound in with the Bible of Adam Winthrop, the father of the governor.

Common Prayer once in the possession and in the use of these exile members of the Church of England? The book seems to have been as rare here as the holly and the mistletoe. Had they no room for it in their sea-chests, no place for it in their hearts? Did they leave it in their old pews for those who were to worship in the calm and beauty of the dear home shrines? Another striking fact of like significance presents itself to notice. In all that are left to us of the letters, the diaries, the sermons, and other writings of those first comers, we should look in vain for a single quotation of sentence or phrase from the felicitous and beautiful devotional terms and expressions in prayer and exhortation and collect in the liturgy, — a usage so familiar with those who now worship with its precious help.

How are we to account for this spontaneous consent to lay aside, this instant disuse of, the Church manual? The explanation is at hand for one versed in the history of those exiles at home and on their coming here. The first and leading members gathered in this church had in their old homes been in most intimate, tender, and heart-knitting relations before their exile, held together by a fervent religious communion. Thus they laid their plans, strengthened their purposes, toned their spirits in sympathy and resolve for their stern enterprise. In these confidential meetings and conferences, a book-service would have been cold, constrained, and for-

mal to them, as in like circumstances it always will be. Spontaneous, heart-prompted, heart-worded prayers, with exhortations, were the natural method of their piety. Thus, in free, fervent breathings-forth, to which the Spirit gave tone and language, they were knit in fellowship for trial and sacrifice. They reverted to the simple, primitive, apostolic method and usage of the first companies of Christians, of which they read in the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles, before form, ceremonial, or ritual had come in as in after times. Thus, free prayer became endeared to them for its range and pitch and compass and fervor, and adaptation to moods and circumstances. When they left their homes and shrines, nature and use — the experience of its blessing and strength for them — made it their joy and solace. It is to be remembered that when they left their parish churches, some of them having already disused form and ceremonial, the Service-book had not become to them the fond and almost idolized object, bedewed and consecrated by tender associations for those devoutly educated by it in the last two and a half centuries. Those of us not wonted to its use and esteem cannot at times but stand amazed at the intensity of regard now lavished upon the book, the dread and jealousy of any tentative dealing with it, felt by its fondest votaries. We have seen more than once a large convention of bishops, ministers, and lay delegates of our Episcopal denomination debating a proposed change in it of a word or a phrase, and

then rejecting it as if it concerned a displacement of the stars of heaven.

Our exiles had not so bedewed that book with heart affections. It was to them, under the changing forms of much modification and construction, a comparatively recent fabric of man's ingenuity, preference, and judgment, translated, selected, and disposed from various materials of devotion. In their view, the best portions of the book were its lessons from the Scriptures, harmed rather than helped for them by a forced and arbitrary arrangement by an ecclesiastical year of festivals, fasts, and saints' days. They preferred to select their Scripture readings for themselves. They felt rather the restraints and stiff formalities of the Service-book than its helps. It is wholly unlikely that on their passage hither they once had recourse to it on deck or in the cabin, in their daily worship or their Lord's Day exercises. So, without the Service-book, free of it, not caring for it, they instituted here their social religious assembling. The truth, simple and without just offence to any one, may be spoken. Besides their scruples against conformity with a ceremonial for which they found no warrant in the Christian Scriptures, the Prayer-book, rich as it was in chant and collect, did not contain what they wanted. They could not find within it so readily as they found within their own burdened and longing hearts the matter of devotion and petition which answered to their condition, their straits and perils, their fervors

and dreads and ecstasies of experience in dismay or trust. The Service-book, a copy in the hand of each worshipper, trained, as the phrase is, "in finding the place," and knowing when to stand, sit, or kneel, so aptly suited to the calm and decorum and routine uniformity of peaceful Sabbaths and well-furnished churches, with chant and organ, surplice and chancel and choir, did not meet the exigencies of wilderness worship. The fact is a significant one, and need not, in the recognition of it, involve any invidious debating of the merits and uses of liturgies. Renewals of the same experience are confessedly met by Episcopal missionaries held to the use of the book on our own frontiers, in sparse settlements, and to groups of chance attendants summoned for social worship. Within this very month we have found the foremost minister of that communion in its full convention pleading earnestly for liberty, — on some occasions for free prayer and a more flexible service. Overwhelmingly was the petition rejected, the decision being that in every public service of the church its ministers may offer no prayer other than in the words of the book.

When, therefore, our exiles here, in disusing the book and all the forms of ritual and prelacy, claimed lovingly still to be in the lineage and membership of their mother church, the explanation is obvious. The Church of England was dear to them, as it stood for the Church of Christ. Other than that it was to them of no account. They had in thought the

divine pattern, deposit, and endowment, not the human mechanism and administration of that Church. Through it the verities and sanctities of the Christian faith, with all its spiritual vitality, had come to them, baptizing their infancy and imparting to them its sacramental blessing. From the doctrine of the church, in believing and holy living, they in no whit departed. They had labored and suffered while at home to advance the reformation of the nation's church, which, having been in progress for nearly a century, had been arbitrarily arrested in its working back to its scriptural pattern by State policy and priestly devices. They did not imagine that their heritage in their mother church was perilled by their rejection of some of the human inventions still retained in its ceremonial and discipline, any more than it was by the common repudiation of distinctive Roman errors. Such graces and gifts as might come from a special method of ordination to the ministry the first pastors and teachers of the exiles had received in England, and it was not thought of sufficient importance that their successors should cross the ocean to obtain them. At any rate, the plea of the exiles that their disuse of form and ceremony did not sever their tie to their mother church could be answered only by what would be from their descendants but a harsh and ill judgment of the Church of England. In effect it would be that the signal quality, warrant, and glory of that church rested in the mechanism of its service and ceremo-

nial, disposed by clerical, parliamentary, and royal devices, rather than in its divine deposit of the simple gospel. It was with the Christian vine, and not with its trellises, that our exiles knit in their trust and life. That vine had kept its sap and vigor through centuries of Roman domination and corruption, and they believed that with a further purging it would bring forth more fruit.

The Puritan mode of worship and service, severely naked and unwinning as it was, met the occasion and the time in its strain upon the austere and intense fervors of spirit in those exiles. But with softening and enriching experiences, it proved blank and drear. It was suited to men stern and earnest in their pitch and style of piety, — hardly nutritive, winning, or wreathed enough for women, and ineffective, juiceless, and repulsive for children. The "Milk for Babes," provided by the first teacher, John Cotton, was highly concentrated, and not easily assimilated for nutriment.

More upbuilding to those exiles than the reading of the Service-book was an exercise which their mother church had not provided for them, but which, with the sermon, and more than the sermon, was their nutriment in their solemnities. This was "the opening," or the exposition, with comment, of a passage of Scripture, still after the New Testament pattern. Hundreds there were of the easy-going vicars and curates of English parishes who would have been utterly incapable of meeting the high

demands and standard of our exiles for that service. On the title-page of the English Bible is inscribed, "Appointed to be read in Churches." This required the reading of a "Proper Lesson" from the desk. To the Puritan this was like offering some rich fruit to the eye or hand without indulging the palate with its juice or flavor. "Dumb reading," that was called. The Puritan wished the condiment squeezed and pressed, for a lengthened, lingering repast. Verse by verse, with light from the Hebrew and Greek originals, with comparison and illustration by other texts, with exposition and improvement, would the teacher penetrate to and open the mines of wealth in the holy pages. Men and women listened intently, with each thumb and finger inserted between the leaves, to follow the illuminating way. John Cotton was midway on a second exposition of the whole Bible when his life closed.

So the instincts and cravings of their own hearts, their circumstances and conditions, guided them to the use of methods best suited to the quality of their piety, while there was always a scrupulous care to follow the way of Scripture. If we could enter thoroughly into their confidence, we should find that things which they disused had been abused, like the Lord's Prayer as the reiterated *Pater-noster*, and that what to us looks like self-will was to them the constraint of conscience. So far from supposing that they were alienating themselves from their Christian heritage, they devoutly believed that they

were following the pattern of the primitive Apostolic Church, after the simplicity of Christ.

I may not open the manifold leadings of the question as to the rightful passing of the title and quality, the honor and dignity, of that wilderness fellowship to those who now constitute this First Church. Yet, where so much has changed, the substance abides; the Scriptures, the Christian doctrine and rule of life, still guide its services. A digest of the hundreds of thousands of sermons preached by the succession of its ministers, and the action of the members on the religious movements and measures of two and a half centuries here, would present, in fair exhibition and review, the developments and enlargements of our general religious history. Happily the church long since relaxed the inquisitorial severity of its early discipline, by which it held rigidly to account each of its covenanted or baptized members. Otherwise it would have to deal to-day with a notable company among the living constructively accountable to it. If words were used by their signification, *Catholic* would be the fitting epithet for this church now. It stands free of all sectarian and denominational bonds, being closest in its relations with that unfenced brotherhood which claims all the liberty wherewith Christ has made his disciples free, provided only that they are his disciples; for Christ is now, as always, its Head. No ecclesiastical process or tribunal can stand between its minister and his flock, to question his teaching or

the tenure of his office. Acting with the freedom and the desire of adjustment to admitted tastes and needs, and the desire to get all good from all things, a modified Service-book has come into use here, not, however, with any enforcement. Those who worship here, in the course of a single year, find that, according to the preferences of the officiating minister, they engage in the original Puritan method of devotion, or in parts or the whole of the book. The question is asked, What would your founders say about the grandeur and artistic beauty of this edifice, its storied windows, its organ and choir, the green boughs of its Christmas service, the flowers of its Easter service, its furnaces, and its cushioned pews? If we care to answer, we should say that the Puritans built the best meeting-house which they could; that each renewed edifice improved upon the preceding one. We should point to the fair palaces and beautiful homes, with all their furnishings, and to the marts of mammon, where was once a wilderness; and we should plead that the sanctuary may be holy, even if glorious and lovely.

Never in all its years of life and change was this ancient church more vigorous and earnest and effective in all the offices and purposes of a Christian church than it is to-day. Its debts are all due to God; none of them to man, except for high and sacred service. Its peaceful relations with all other churches, its devout and dignified ministrations, the

fidelity and tenderness of its pastoral work, the unobtrusiveness of its presence in any other than its appropriate sphere, the largeness and earnestness and compass of its benevolent agencies, — these make the present First Church the most fitting memorial of the fathers in the fair city once their wilderness home. May its Divine Guardian lead it on for the centuries to come, still standing as it was planted, — "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone"!

The minister then said: "Of the first signer of our church covenant and the first governor of this Commonwealth, John Winthrop, a name always to be spoken gratefully and reveringly, it is recorded, April 3, 1634: 'The Governour went on foot to Agawam, and because the people there wanted a minister, spent the Sabbath with them and exercised by way of prophecy.' I cannot say that there is here any lack of ministers, but we have a liking in this church for lay preaching when we know of what sort it will be; and I am sure you will say that there is something in the doctrine of heredity when you are listening, as I need not ask you to do, to the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP."

ADDRESS OF THE HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

It is no little relief to me, ladies and gentlemen, to remember that, in promising to be with you here on this occasion, it was expressly stipulated that I should be held responsible for only a brief address. There are those around me to whom this Church must be peculiarly and justly precious, as being

their own church, and the church of their fathers and mothers, and of all who are most dear to them. But I can speak under the inspiration of no such associations, as I look back on my own long and unintermitted relations to Old Trinity, and to New Trinity, from infancy to old age, — relations never more valued than at this hour. Nor can I forget how recently I have returned from a protracted session of the triennial convention of the general Church to which I belong, — where I was freshly impressed with the value of its organization, the charms of its liturgy, the safe anchorage of its creeds, and the broad range of its views and efforts.

And yet, my friends, in face of all these associations, and in full remembrance of all my religious professions and ties, I can honestly say that there is no connection in which I am more glad, or more proud, to recognize my family name distinctly inscribed, than on yonder beautiful window of this First Boston Church. That old covenant of 1630, of which John Winthrop was the first signer, is one under which any man might well be willing to live and to die. For myself, certainly, I could desire to have lived and died under no better and no other covenant. And as to the old Governor himself, I venture to say for him, in this sixth generation, that he would have preferred that his name should be perpetuated there, rather than on a dozen statues in the city, or the State, or the national Capitol. Let my name, he would have said, be remembered, if at

all, not so much for founding towns or commonwealths or confederations, as for bringing the gospel into the wilderness, and helping to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. All else, with him, was subordinate to that.

And certainly nothing could have been more simple, more solemn, or more comprehensive than this covenant, for those who wished to associate themselves together in a Christian church. A recital of all the thirty-nine articles would have added nothing to its force or its felicity. I might have said thirty-eight articles, as our American church omitted one of the articles, at the same time that it so wisely struck out from the Prayer-book the Commination service and the Athanasian creed. If such a covenant were drawn up, and subscribed and entered into heartily here, to-day, for the first time, or in any part of the world, at any time, by a company of sincere and earnest believers, it could not and would not fail to commend itself to the respect and confidence and sympathy of all good people, let them belong to whatever denominational church they might.

But, let me hasten to say, there were peculiar circumstances under which this little covenant was adopted two centuries and a half ago, which give it a significance, an impressiveness, and even a pathos, which can hardly be exaggerated, and which must never be forgotten, — least of all here on this occasion.

Let me recall for an instant the historical facts, — even at the risk of repeating what has been said, or of anticipating what may be said, by others. Most happily the account of the signing of this covenant, in 1630, is preserved in all its details, as fully and clearly as the signing of the Declaration of Independence in 1776, or of the credentials of the latest missionary bishop at New York last month. Those two original letters of Edward Winslow and Samuel Fuller to Governor Bradford, contained in Bradford's "Letter Book," — providentially rescued, eighty years ago, from a grocery shop in Halifax, — as well as in his "History of the Pilgrims," not less providentially discovered, twenty-five years ago, in the Bishop of London's library, — tell the whole story.

The men who signed this covenant on the 30th of July, 1630, — after a long and perilous voyage across the Atlantic, — had reached the shores of New England about six weeks before. They had left homes and altars, friends and, many of them, their families, behind them, and had come to seek that civil and religious freedom which had been denied them in Old England. Meantime affliction and suffering had already befallen them. They were not, indeed, like the Pilgrims at Plymouth, involved, at the outset, in all the rigors of a bleak New England winter. The Pilgrims landed in December, on the shortest day of the year. The Massachusetts colony, by a striking contrast, landed in June, on the very longest. But they were still

without fixed habitations, — many of them encamped at Charlestown in tents and booths. It was too late to begin planting with any confidence of a crop on an untried soil, and they were still without sufficient supplies of food to secure them from famine in the winter. Fears and sorrows were, indeed, so multiplying upon them and around them, that they began to feel as if the Lord's hand was against them. Many were sick, many were dead. Governor Winthrop's son Henry had been drowned soon after his arrival. The Lady Arbella was pining at Salem from the results of fatigue and exposure, under which she was soon to sink into an unmarked grave, — to be followed, alas, within a single month of her own death, by her noble husband, Isaac Johnson, who "tried to live without her, liked it not, and died." But he was with her at Salem on the 25th of July, 1630, and there he had received from Governor Winthrop, who was at Charlestown with the assistants and the Massachusetts company, a letter recounting their anxieties and afflictions, and desiring that all at Salem and Charlestown, and everywhere else in the colony, might hasten to humble themselves before God, seeking him in his ordinances, and beseeching him to withdraw his hand of correction from them, and to direct and establish them in His ways.

Out of this letter of the governor's to Isaac Johnson, read publicly after their Sabbath evening exercise at Salem, and made the subject of loving

consultation by Winslow and Fuller of the Pilgrim Fathers, as well as by the Salem church, which they were visiting, came the appointment of the following Friday (July 30) as a day of humiliation and prayer, and for the entering into this covenant with the Lord, to walk in all their ways according to the rules of the gospel.

There was no Boston yet. But the day was to be solemnized at Salem and at Plymouth, at Dorchester and at Watertown, as well as by the Massachusetts company at Charlestown. It was a most memorable day in our history. All that there was of Massachusetts, all that there was of New England, was down on its knees on that thirtieth of July before God. Church and State, ministers and governors, — the whole colony, was assembled before the Lord, acknowledging him as their only refuge in tribulation, and dedicating themselves to his service. We can almost hear them, in their little log meeting-houses, or in the larger hall at Charlestown, or under the branches of the great trees around them, rehearsing or singing some of the verses of that marvellous 107th Psalm, which seemed composed for them as much as for the children of Israel: "They went astray in the wilderness and found no city to dwell in: hungry and thirsty their soul fainted in them: so they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them from their distress: He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." That

was the day, my friends, and those the circumstances, on which and under which yonder little covenant was proposed, prepared, and signed by the four representative men whose names you have emblazoned on your window.

I have but little doubt that Governor Winthrop framed that covenant. It is entirely in keeping with the discourse which he wrote and delivered on board the Arbella during his long voyage. Nor is it, let me add, in any degree out of keeping with his farewell letter to his brethren of the Church of England. There is not a word in it of alienation, or separation, or non-conformity, or of what some good people call schism. I do not altogether believe that on that thirtieth day of July the governor had any very distinct idea, in his own mind, to what it was all to lead, or what was to be the permanent organization of religious worship in the colony he was founding. There was too much trouble, too much affliction, too much distress of all sorts, for any deliberate decision on such a point. It might have quickened him to such a decision if he had learned, as possibly he may have learned, that the latest letters from London at that moment brought tidings that Laud — the great foe of Puritanism — was in high favor at Court, wielding all the authority of Primate, and that five ministers of the English Church had just been summoned before the High Commission, of whom his friend John Cotton was one. But it was enough for him, and for those with

him, that they needed, and must have, the comforts and consolations of religious association and religious worship, and that the covenanted mercies of God must be invoked by humiliation and prayer.

Meantime, beyond all doubt, whatever they may have intended or designed, that day, that service, that covenant, settled the question that Congregationalism was to be the prevailing order, and for a long time the only order, in early New England. Nor, let me add, have I ever doubted for a moment that Congregationalism was the best and the only mode of planting and propagating Christianity, in this part of the country, in those old Puritan times. But I said enough about that at Plymouth Rock, ten years ago, and I have nothing to add or to alter.

Governor Winthrop was unquestionably a man who cared more for faith than for forms, more for religion than for ritual, more for prayer than for prayer-books, and who held Christianity to be above all churches. And, in that regard, there is at least one of his descendants who does not reverence his memory the less, and who humbly strives to cultivate his spirit. While I can make no pretension to the lofty title of a Puritan myself, I may at least be permitted — when so many disparagements are cast upon that title in other quarters — to avow my earnest admiration for the many grand qualities which the Puritans displayed, here and elsewhere, in spite of all their faults; and for the glorious results they achieved for civil and religious freedom,

both in New England and in Old England. "It was to this sect," says the historian Hume, "that the English owe the whole freedom of their constitution." "The Puritans," writes Hallam, "were the depositaries of the sacred fire of liberty." "The genius of Puritan England," says his latest and best biographer, "was John Milton." That is glory enough for them in Old England.

And if we desire to understand what Puritanism has accomplished for New England, we have only to look for ourselves, and see what New England is. Not to any single, massive, material structure, with its hallowed crypt and splendid choir, its vaulted arches and long-drawn aisles and magnificent dome, but to countless institutions everywhere, for religion, education, and charity, and to an intelligent, industrious, and free people, living and multiplying in the enjoyment of them all, we point proudly today, in presence of this old First Church Covenant, and in loving remembrance of those who signed it, and say, "If you seek a monument of the Puritans, look around you!"

The minister then said: "I gather from the story of our church that Governor Winthrop once owed his election to the earnest efforts of the Rev. John Wilson, who climbed a tree that he might be the better heard by the crowd. I cannot claim to have rendered any such service to our honored chief magistrate; but I trust that he will none the less put us in his debt, as the first governor was continually wont to do. May I ask a word from His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts?"

ADDRESS OF GOVERNOR LONG.

I rise only to bring to this delightful occasion the greeting and kind wishes of the Commonwealth which shares with you the honor of the name of John Winthrop — at once the first governor of the Massachusetts Colony and chief of the founders of the First Church of Boston. If he were here in my place, what eloquent expression might he not give to the emotions that would stir in his heart at witnessing the changes and the progress of two centuries and a half, alike in the church he aided to found and in the Commonwealth that still reveres his memory and bears his impress! Much as he would find the present minister a man after his own heart, he would hardly guarantee, I fear, the salary of Dr. Ellis as he did that of John Wilson, the first pastor. He might for a moment question the architectural elaboration and tasteful magnificence of this edifice, as compared with the fretwork of leaves and sunshine, or later the mud walls and thatched roof, under which he worshipped. But (perhaps conciliated as soon as he saw the worthy descendant of his own loins — who honors the venerable and illustrious name he bears more even than it honors him — giving the sanction of his voice and presence here) anon his own great nature would take in and expand to the grandeur of all this growth, the seed of which he helped to plant. It would not

pain him, I am sure, that Church and State, over both which his influence was once so great, have severed connection and are independent of each other. He would not think Mr. Peters, a minister of Salem, was far out of the way, who, in 1636, "rebuked the governour and plainly insinuated that if governours would concern themselves only with the things of Cæsar, the things of God would be more quiet and prosperous." He would certainly admit that the Church is better employed than when it was rent with schisms over technical points of doctrine, or when it wrangled over mere theological terms that have long since been as lifeless as the dead leaves at which you may look as a student, but which fall to dust if you touch them, and are only good for fertilizing new crops.

The fact is, these anniversary celebrations — which are now so frequent that our wittiest poet has said that if we had a patron saint, it would be St. Anniversary — are valuable, not so much because we reproduce the past, which in its grim reality is not always attractive, but because we idealize the past, and so inspire the present and the future. Remembering that first solemn covenant of this church, which had but this one requirement, "To walk in all our ways according to the rule of the gospel, and in all sincere conformity to his holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect to each other so near as God shall give us grace," Governor Winthrop would find assurance that his church to-

day is all that was best in it two hundred and fifty years ago. And if, passing from these portals, he should walk the streets of Boston, or go over the Commonwealth, it would rejoice him to find a better Massachusetts than his own, the wilderness blossoming like the rose, thrift, education, and plenty everywhere, and these shores an asylum not alone for a Puritan congregation in search of freer range, but for all the children of men who seek larger liberty and a better hope. What is true of the Church is true also of the Commonwealth. The best thing in each is its own growth. The Commonwealth is to-day all that was best in the Massachusetts Colony of two hundred and fifty years ago, expanded from that day of small things to a grander growth, but its veins still quick with the same blood, and its advance inspired by the same high ideals of Christian virtue, education, and liberty, which have characterized it more and more from the beginning on, but which have no more striking illustration than in the history and in the men — the Winthrops, the Cottons, the Chauncys, the Emersons — of the First Church of Boston. To that church, in grateful recognition of its contribution to the causes of religion, of good morals, of public virtue, of education and patriotism, on this its two hundred and fiftieth birthday, hoping that it is in the beginning of its usefulness, and that two hundred and fifty years hence as good words may be said of us as we can now say of our fathers, I bring the acknowledgments of the Commonwealth.

The minister then said: "After the excellent service rendered by him to the city of Boston on the 17th of September, his Honor the Mayor may well claim exemption from added duty in that way; but the church as well as the city asks his presence when she celebrates her anniversary, and it is not his habit to decline any reasonable call. I ask a word from his Honor the Mayor of Boston."

ADDRESS OF MAYOR PRINCE.

The Committee of the First Church of Boston, charged with the arrangements of the commemorative services in honor of its completion of two hundred and fifty years of life, have kindly asked me to be present and participate in these services because of my official position as mayor of the city. It gives me great pleasure to do so. No citizen of Boston can fail to be deeply interested in this occasion. No one who feels as he should in respect to our civic history can fail of gratulation and sympathy for the cause of this ancient society. Its origin and its whole history are closely interwoven with the origin and history of Boston. The annals could not be written without giving the story of the First Church. When we look back and recall the circumstances under which this society was organized, when we summon before our mental gaze its heroic founders, — Winthrop and Dudley and Johnson and Wilson and Bradstreet, — and all those grand old Puritans who left country and home and friends, the endearing scenes of childhood, the sacred graves

of their fathers, the charms and attractions of civilized life, for a barren wilderness, inhabited only by savage beasts and men more savage, that they might worship God in peace and according to the dictates of conscience; when we remember the hardships, dangers, and suffering of the long voyage across the stormy Atlantic; when we recall their sublime fortitude, their serene patience, their indomitable perseverance, their sincerity, piety, and faith, — we cannot but feel for them admiration mingled with awe, and a reverence which approaches veneration. It will be noted that the first act of the Pilgrims as a body, upon landing here, was to found a church. Before they made homes for themselves, before they erected dwellings, they organized and arranged to carry out the leading object of their emigration, the free worship of God, and this society was gathered. At first the congregation assembled and held religious exercises beneath the spreading branches of an oak-tree. The quiet and peace of the then untenanted land, the solemn calm of undisturbed nature in those first days of colonial life, would seem to have been in full harmony with the grave Puritan character, and such place of worship, such a temple, well fitted to the exalted nature of Puritan devotion.

The first meeting-house was of the simplest form and rudest construction. It had no vaulted roof, no groined arches, no lofty spires, no cathedral magnificence, none of the pomp and glory of ancient or modern church architecture. Its walls were built

of mud, as the Governor has just said, its roof was merely thatched, but the prayers which ascended therefrom were as sincere and devout as any that the costliest minster or cathedral ever sent forth, and doubtless were as acceptable. That first gathering did more than establish a *Church*, — it established a *State*. It arranged all the civil as well as the ecclesiastical concerns of the infant colony. It regulated all the domestic matters of the society, or "congregation," as the covenanters styled themselves. No one had voice or vote in the early days touching public affairs, or in whatever affected public interests; no one could make the law, adjudicate it, or execute it, who was not a church-member, and none could be a church-member whose daily life was not clean, decent, and holy. The order admitting none to the freedom of the body politic but such as were church-members was adopted in 1631, and continued in force until the dissolution of the government in 1684, although probably the order was not rigidly enforced for some years previous to that date. It has been charged that this exercise of power was oppressive, and that the Pilgrims showed in their conduct here the same intolerance which drove themselves from the mother country. This may perhaps be true in some respects, but I think it may be demonstrated that the action of the fathers under the circumstances was justifiable because necessary for the maintenance of their cause. They had made great sacrifices for

religious liberty, and they were determined that it should not be jeoparded, but protected by every means against every possible danger. Religious toleration was to be delayed to a more convenient season, when Puritan principles would become so firmly rooted as to defy the assault of all enemies. Although the occasion does not allow the discussion of the question, I have no doubt that *Congregationalism* was the only church form which could have maintained the cause of the colonists, subdued the wilderness, the savages and all the opponents of Puritanism, ecclesiastical and lay, and laid the foundations upon which was subsequently erected constitutional liberty, civil and religious. If the English Church just as it existed in England had been planted here by the emigrants, and it had been firmly established, the political and social condition of this Commonwealth and the whole country might have, and probably would have been, wholly different from what it is now. Congregationalism means *civil* as well as *religious* liberty: it is of the very essence of freedom and independence. When we remember that there was no religious liberty either in England or in any other country when Puritanism arose, that after the Reformation the power exercised by the Pope was transferred to the temporal monarch, who was the absolute ruler over the consciences of the people, so that they must believe whatever he should direct in respect to religion (which control, King Henry said, in his letter touching the provisions of

the Act of Supremacy, "was no more than what all Christian princes in former times assumed to themselves in their own dominions"), we can understand how little religious liberty there was when the Puritans emigrated, and we can also understand what an important step was taken when they broke loose from the powers controlling the church and asserted the principles of Congregationalism. The assertion of these principles must have created as much astonishment in the mother country as, years afterwards, the denial by the Puritan descendants of the right of taxation without representation. Fortunately, however, the colonists were too few in numbers, and the government of England too much occupied with domestic matters, to pay much attention to any declaration of church rights in places so far off, by parties so insignificant every way as these non-conformists. The Puritans were for religious liberty, and on this account they were the advocates of civil liberty, since civil liberty must first exist as the basis of religious liberty.

All honor to the Pilgrim Founders of the First Church! We prove the solidity and completeness of their work by its durability. It has survived perils and schisms and enemies of every character. Its influence can never be wholly set forth or shown. We trace its effect everywhere in the religious, social, and political opinions and institutions of the country. We owe to the declaration so briefly sketched in the simple covenant under which this church was gath-

ered much of that catholicity of spirit which now pervades all religious sects, and that general recognition of our common humanity which makes us, in the words of the covenant, "entertain mutual love and respect to each other," and moves us to be interested in whatever concerns our race. We owe to it that steadiness of faith with which New England has ever resisted the materialism which would destroy the spiritual nature of the soul, and that severe strength of intellect which rejects the rationalism which would deny to us inspiration. We owe to it the fuller development of those great qualities which have distinguished the Puritan character, and fitted our fathers and their descendants for the great work, political and social, they were called to perform. Wisely the Pilgrims came here to establish the principles set forth in the covenant. They could never have found a fitting field for such purpose in the old country. There not only the hostility of government, but the opinions, prejudices, habits, and traditions of the people would have walled them in so completely that no expansion or growth would have been possible. A new and unpeopled country, where all was free and unfettered as Nature made it, was necessary for the planting and the harvesting. Puritanism first developed in its full proportions here in Boston, and to-day still affects the character and habits of our people, influences their thought and controls their action to an extent not entirely recognized despite the great changes of time and circum-

stances. It was recently observed by one of the New York papers, that Boston cannot long expect to maintain its prominent position among the cities of the country; that she cannot hope to have the same influence in the future which she has had in the past; that she must henceforth yield the lead to communities actuated by other and broader ideas: but I think we may dismiss all fears in this respect while the spirit of Puritanism yet lingers with us, to animate, invigorate, and guide our citizens, to stimulate habits of industry and perseverance, to foster the love of work, to maintain the desire to reform, improve, and elevate. The Puritan has been reproached for wanting those qualities which are the grace of private life, and attach men to each other. He is charged with that austerity which hates even respectable amusements and pleasures, with being "sour-visaged." There may be more or less of truth in all this; but acidity is not without its value, for the sour leaven ferments the wheat, and thus makes the wholesome bread, which is the staff of life. May we long retain the leaven of Puritanism!

I congratulate the society on possessing this beautiful house of worship. During its long life of two hundred and fifty years it has occupied four different locations and five different edifices, each one more costly than the last, its fortunes advancing with those of the city. All its history has been illustrious by devotion to the purposes for which it was

organized, and by zealous advocacy of the cause to which it was consecrated. Its work has been and is now being successfully performed. Its long roll of ministers has no name not honored and revered for fidelity to duty, for piety and the practice as well as the preaching of the Christian virtues. Let us hope that it will continue to prosper in the centuries which are to come as in the centuries that have passed.

After the singing of the Jubilate in B, the minister said: "The old Church of St. Botolph in Boston, England, owes to our late parishioner, Edward Everett, more than to any other man, the restoration of its chapel. To a son of Edward Everett we owe the earnest proposal out of which sprang this fifth house of worship, our St. Botolph's, — the realization, is it not, of John Wilson's beautiful vision, of which the banner on my left reminds us. It was eminently fit that descendants of John Cotton should be foremost in both these enterprises. And you will be glad to know that the son of Mr. Edward Everett, who is at once child of the congregation, member of the church, teacher and minister, has brought to us a Poem with which to grace our anniversary. I ask your attention to Dr. WILLIAM EVERETT."

COTTON IN THE PULPIT AT ST. MARY'S.

"MATHER'S MAGNALIA," Book III. p. 16.

Where the chalky heights of England melt into her dreary fen,
Springs an ancient fount of learning, Cambridge, nurse of mighty men:
Clustering spires and vaulted portals, velvet lawns to catch the sun,
Plashing conduits, cloistered arches, courts revealing, one by one,

Halls on halls and cells uncounted, where for many a rolling year,
All the noisy world excluded, Granta spreads her goodly cheer;
Gathering idle monks by thousands, sunk in learned sloth and ease,
Heedless while outside their brothers faint with strife on earth and seas.
Hush, vain babbler! when did England battle with ancestral wrong
And from Cambridge came no champion, bold and gentle, wise and strong?
When the roses' thorns were tearing through the darkness right and left,
And the nation's crested leaders one by one in gore were reft,
Pure and clear her beacon streaming lit the path to new renown,
When the scholar's cap should lord it o'er the prince's bloodstained crown.
When the friars of Rome gave order "Bind in chains the Word of God,"
Cambridge pealed her trump, and straightway snapped the foul enchanter's rod!
When o'er truth's new sun an instant bigots drew again the cloud,
Oxford fires saw Cambridge martyrs tread the way like monarchs proud;
And returning glory found her wing her eaglets for their flight,
Sing in Spenser's lute of wonder, gaze with Bacon's prophet sight.
Listen, ye who love our Boston, how in Cambridge spake of yore,
He who brought that name of beauty to the Massachusetts shore.
Sunday morning! Tower and steeple, chime confusing sweet with chime,
Call all Cambridge out to worship, in the hot-souled Stuart time.
Through St. Mary's dark-browed portal see the motley gownsmen press,
Blue and sable, white and scarlet, passions varied as their dress.
Now the pulpit rules the nation; Roman rostra never saw
Crowds so bent to catch each echo, fired with frenzy, dumb with awe,
As the Stuarts' England gathered, week by week, intent to hear
Puritan or prelate searching all their souls with sacred fear.
Nor since Ridley freed his spirit was St. Mary's thronged as now,
Ne'er was expectation seated keener on each scholar's brow.

Boston sends again her vicar, Cotton ; still our hearts retain
Memory of his rich oration, sweeter than an organ's strain ;
Golden from the vaults of learning, lustrous with the gems of wit,
Quaint conceits, and glowing pictures, richly woven, closely knit.
Many a time and oft we hummed him, till St. Mary's hummed again
Like the Granta's roar in springtime, swirling o'er the affrighted fen.
When such preaching charms us, vainly London's playhouse calls to see
Massinger's grim dens of horror, Fletcher's rosy halls of glee.
Scarcely from the white-robed trebles dies the psalm upon the air,
When o'er all the preacher rises for the ancient bidding prayer ;
Bids them pray for all in honor, king and noble, knight and priest,
That the strength and hope of England may be hallowed and increased ;
Bids them pray for all in Cambridge, blood and bone of Church and State,
Every teacher, every pupil, every college, small and great ;
"And as bound in private duty I request your prayers as well
For our Protestant foundation, College of Emmanuel."
Then, as with the *Pater-noster* all the prayers in one are said,
Raised is every cap, and buried in its square each gownsman's head.
Now they settle on their cushions waiting for the rich repast
That shall wake applause for Cotton loud as when they hummed him last.
Then, as though the sultry noontide felt its clouds by lightning rent,
Leaps the text, the Baptist's warning, one short, dreadful word, "Repent!"
Aye, "Repent!" no gorgeous fabric, quaint conceit or wit is there,
Classic tale or strain poetic, sweetly floating on the air ;
But Jehovah's barbed arrow, flashing from his servant's string,
Piercing every sluggish conscience with its unrelenting sting !
All the wrong that England suffers, cankered church and court corrupt,
Finds its tawdry mantle shrivelled by that preacher's word abrupt.
All the sin that reigns unfettered, all the blood to heaven that cries,
That stern prophet's fixed index points to their unwilling eyes.

"Think not, ye that sit so careless, God hath left his house alone!
Think not, ye that soil the sceptre, blood for blood shall not atone.
Vain the trump that felled the Popish fortress, vain the martyr's doom,
If the Lambeth finger bind us heavier than the hand of Rome.
Aye, repent! or if in England Pharaoh harden yet his heart,
God shall bid his outraged Israel from the faithless land depart;
O'er a wilder sea than Edom's lovelier Jordans roll their streams;
On a fairer Zion's summit, lo, a statelier temple gleams!
First to you the word was spoken; but since ye refuse to learn,
England brands herself unworthy, to the Gentiles, lo, we turn."

O'er the crowd the preacher gazes rapt, as when on Mars's height
Saul of Tarsus looked unflinching up to Pallas' temple white:
From the black and scarlet gownsmen comes no loud approving hum;
Stern resentment knits their forehead, sharp contrition holds them dumb.

Go thy ways, thou daring Cotton; Cambridge asks no word of thine;
Sunk in learned ease compliant, well content with Rimmon's shrine;
Leave thy Gothic halls by Granta, leave St. Botolph's lofty tower;
Set those names across the ocean, here where Laud hath lost his power;
And thy faithful word forever finds at length its due applause
In the hum of freeborn millions, ruled by Boston's gentle laws.

The minister said: "The churches of Massachusetts in the former days recognized, in what they called the Corporation,—that is, the Corporation of Harvard College,—a right of eminent domain, and that it was their duty, in case a minister was needed for the presidency, to surrender him upon the instant for the office, as befell this church in the selection of Mr. Wadsworth. The Corporation comes no longer upon that errand. Indeed, I am almost persuaded that to be a Congregational minister would be a disqualification for the highest office in their gift. But the President of the College does sometimes honor us with his presence; only when he comes he asks not us, but ours.

But he is welcome upon any errand; and should he ask you now, as he will be very likely to do, to found a John Cotton Professorship of Christian Theology, I trust that you will at once subscribe the needful amount. Let me introduce to you the President of Harvard University."

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT.

Looking back with grave satisfaction over the long, continuous life of this church, and of its kindred churches, do we not survey the very springs and sources of the peculiar character of the New England people? Do we not clearly see whence this people has come? Only the more instant becomes that question which of late years has been much in all our hearts, — whither is this people going? There cannot be many persons in this company who have not already said to themselves at this two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, Will the First Church of Boston have a five hundredth anniversary? or a four hundredth? I invite your attention very briefly to three reasons for indulging the confident expectation that it will.

I remark, first, that the instinct of worship is a universal instinct of the race, — an instinct which civilization refines and exalts, but has no tendency to extinguish. The religious sentiment has always been, and still is, the strongest power in the world, — making war and peace, resisting vice, establishing and overthrowing governments, fostering democracy, destroying slavery, preserving learning, building ca-

thedrals, creating literature, and inspiring oratory, music, and art. Unless we can count on the permanence of this religious quality or faculty in man, we cannot count upon the permanence of any of his attributes. Yet modern science teaches that race-qualities change so slowly that the ordinary divisions of time into years and centuries are not fitted to express the rate of change.

It is hardly necessary to say that rapid change of theological opinion may, and often does, go on from generation to generation without producing any effect upon the sentiments of religion, or upon the real functions of a religious organization. The doctrines or dogmas taught now in this church bear but a faint resemblance to those of the seventeenth century; but the main objects of the church are, and will ever be, the same that they were in 1630, — namely, to worship God with prayer and praise, to teach men their duty and urge them to do it, and to carry their thoughts out of the monotonous round of their daily lives, beyond the sea, above the sky, to the dwelling-place of the Most High. Benjamin Wadsworth, who left the pastorate of this church to encounter many hardships and trials as President of Harvard College, held some theological opinions which are not current in these days. Thus, in a sermon preached just after the First Church was burnt, in 1711, he says very simply: "'T is of the mere undeserved mercy of God that we have not all of us been roaring in the unquenchable flames of

hell long ago, for 't is no more than our sins have justly deserved." And again, in a sermon entitled "The Gospel not opposed but by the Devil and Men's Lusts," he gravely remarks that "Nothing is more grating, cutting, and enraging to the Devil than to have the gospel faithfully preached to men." Doubtless this hearty belief in the unpleasantness of the sensations which faithful preaching inflicted upon the enemy of mankind was an effective incentive to many a worthy minister. But when Dr. Wadsworth, holding these now obsolete notions, came to the practical matter of advising parents how to bring up their children, as he did in his sermon entitled "The Saint's Prayer to Escape Temptations," he gave advice good for all time, which the latest President of Harvard College will gladly adopt as his own: as, for example, — teach them the Scriptures; charge them to live soberly, righteously, and godlily; endeavor the preventing of idleness, pride, envy, malice, or any vice whatsoever; teach them good manners (a civil, kind, handsome, and courteous behavior); render them truly serviceable in this world, and so dispose of them in trade or business, and in marriage, as that they may be least liable to temptations, and may probably be most furthered in virtue and piety.

Let us then settle down upon an abiding faith that the instinct of worship is an indestructible element in man's nature, and that the religious

and ethical sentiments of mankind, which have survived all the physiological, psychological, social, and political changes to which the race has been subjected, will exhibit no less vitality in the future than they have in the past.

In the second place, I wish to point out that the principle of associated action for the promotion of a common object has been wonderfully developed in this country and in England during the present century. Manufactures are carried on, goods and passengers are transported, money is lent, colonies are founded, hospitals, schools, and libraries are maintained, by associations of men who combine for one defined object, and employ paid servants to do the common work. There is hardly a conceivable philanthropic enterprise which is not already the field of some benevolent society. This facility of association being one of the chief characteristics of our time, and a church having become under the laws only an association of like-minded men and women for the satisfaction of their religious needs and the furtherance of good works, it is inconceivable that the principle of association, which is proving so valuable in every other field of human activity, should fail to work well when applied, as it is in every American Protestant church, to the promotion of worship, charity, and piety. To our faith in the permanence of the religious needs and aspirations let us then add the conviction that never in the history

of the world has it been so natural and easy as it is now to satisfy those cravings by the fruitful method of voluntary association.

Thirdly, let us gain confidence in the future of the New England churches by contemplating the prodigious changes of legal condition and external circumstance through which they have already passed in safety. To appreciate the magnitude of these changes, we must recall the facts that suffrage in Massachusetts was long conditioned upon church-membership, that towns could be fined for neglecting to support the gospel, that for two centuries attendance at meeting on the Sabbath could be enforced by fine, that all corporations holding lands within a parish were taxable down to 1831 for the support of public worship, and that down to 1835 the property of individual parishioners was held liable for the debts of the parish. Never was there a firmer or closer union of Church with State than that which existed in Massachusetts in 1630, and never has there been more complete separation of Church from State than that which exists in Massachusetts to-day. Churches and ministers have gradually been stripped of every peculiar privilege and every adventitious support, until they now stand upon this firm ground, — that they partly satisfy an imperious need and an ineffable longing of the human soul. It would have been happier for the cause of religion if the disestablishment of churches had proceeded as rapidly in Europe

as it has in Massachusetts. History then might not have had to record that millions of educated and liberal-minded men have been alienated from religion by the habitual political attitude of the established churches. Time to come can hardly have in store for the New England churches changes comparable in gravity with those which they have already experienced. Their present legal condition is healthier, freer, more natural, and more likely to be stable than any previous condition. The minister is judged, like other men, by his gifts, attainments, and character; and the church is valued for the services which it renders to its members and the community.

Two hundred and fifty years is a long life for anything of human creation. There is not a written political constitution in the world which has even half of that age. Empires and republics have come and gone, old dynasties have disappeared and new ones risen to power, within that period. In our own little Commonwealth, not only the external form of government has changed, but the whole theory or essence of the political constitution as well. There is not a single industry, manufacture, or human occupation which has not undergone fundamental changes in its processes and its results within that time. But all these years this venerable church has maintained its original organization, and held stoutly on its way through gladness and gloom, through sunshine

and storm. Solemnly, resolutely, and hopefully may it move on for centuries to come.

Does any one ask why universities, which must inevitably be occupied chiefly with secular knowledge, should feel any great concern for the permanence of religious institutions? I answer that universities exist to advance science, to keep alive philosophy and poetry, and to draw out and cultivate the highest powers of the human mind. Now science is always face to face with God, philosophy brings all its issues into the one word "duty," poetry has its culmination in a hymn of praise, and a prayer is the transcendent effort of man's intelligence.

The minister said: "Massachusetts once took it very hard that John Cotton, in some mood of discouragement, thought of departing to New Haven; and New Haven took it very hard when the Rev. John Davenport was called to be minister of First Church. Let it be our assurance that we bear no ill-will, but, on the contrary, cherish only honor and affection for that confederated colony and its noble University, that we earnestly desire to-day a word from President PORTER, who, I am happy to say, does not need to be introduced to our congregation."

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER.

I have been speculating for some time as to what feat of ingenuity the pastor of this church would resort to in order to give any good reason for my being here. I am sure I feel very much out of place. The real reason, I am confident, was the

last which he gave, that I am not totally a stranger to this congregation, nor to its pastor, in bonds of Christian or fraternal fellowship. Some ten years ago my reverend predecessor and myself, he then being in office, were somehow or other impelled to ask Dr. Ellis to come and preach for us. Some two or three years afterwards I preached for him, and no evil ever came of either, except that I am now called upon to make a speech. And now I am before you, what can I do with greater propriety than to recognize the obligation — which has not been adverted to — of the other New England colonies to this First Church of Boston? The First Church of Boston was not, certainly, the first among the churches in New England in point of time, but it early held a prominence among them by reason of the quality of the men who were in it, and by its position in this city, and its special relations to the other colonies and their churches, which gives it the highest place in the reverence and affection of all loyal New-Englanders. Here the Rev. Thomas Hooker and his company whiled away a year or two, taking counsel and advice of Governor Winthrop and the leading members of this church, before he ventured off on his long journey toward the Connecticut. That journey, which now takes us less than four hours to perform, was to them a weary walk of fourteen or sixteen days, as they proceeded toward the west over the wooded hills, through the rough wilderness, and along the swiftly descending valley

of the Chicopee, till, finally, they were brought out in safety upon those fair meadows of the Connecticut valley, to which their hearts had been turning with a longing which could not be repressed. And here John Davenport, after in vain trying to convert the members of this godly Commonwealth to his peculiar notions of the relations of Church and State, gave up the attempt in despair, and with the New Haven Company took possession of the territory between the Connecticut and the Hudson rivers, in which he sought to build a new Jerusalem, after his own fashion, that should be four-square according to the pattern in the Apocalypse, — moved perhaps by its contrast with the pattern of the original streets which he saw in Boston. The same John Davenport, moreover, after trying in vain to realize the New Jerusalem in New Haven, at the end of some thirty-five years of his vain endeavor, and particularly after the Colony of Connecticut had absorbed the Colony of New Haven, came back to Boston to renew again his first efforts as pastor of this church for the two or three years which preceded his death. Here also Roger Williams, after afflicting this church in many ways and being afflicted by it, after protesting and being protested against, gave up in despair and went to Rhode Island, under compulsion and with a protest, seeking soul liberty for himself and using it freely afterwards in being a thorn in the side of the greater colonies. In this way it was that this First Church of Boston became the

mother, or the step-mother, of Connecticut, New Haven, and Rhode Island.

These facts suggest the reflection that the peculiar influence of the settlers of the Massachusetts Colony, represented so emphatically as they were in the First Church of Boston, to the New England life and the New England character, has not, in one point, been so distinctly referred to as might be desired. The early Bostonians and the Massachusetts emigrants, headed by the First Church and represented in them, did not come here simply because they were driven from England. They did not resort to these shores solely to find a shelter in the wilderness. Stern necessity, it is true, gave the first impulse to their movement; but the movement was also animated by the hope that they might here establish the kingdom of God after a nobler pattern than had hitherto been known elsewhere in this wide world. They came, not simply to preach the gospel with boldness, not to pray as they might, but they also came to apply the principles of the gospel to every kind of human institution, — to the school, to the college, to the commonwealth, to all social relations. It is true that out of this fair ideal many of their errors and their failures proceeded, but it is also true that the ideal itself should confer on them immortal honor. The Puritans had this aim ever in their minds. It was ever high and lifted up before their eyes. Many of the methods which they adopted for its realization, and in which they

firmly believed, were mistaken, yet for all that the ideal itself was grand and noble.

The covenant adopted by this church has been often alluded to, and it could not be too often extolled, nor in terms of excessive praise. It seems almost to have been given by inspiration, — the language is so pure, the sentiments are so simple and yet so fervent, the acknowledgment of the great object of the Christian's trust is so incidental and yet so comprehensive, and the recognition of what might be called the whole catalogue of Christian duties is so wide reaching. You have asked perhaps, some of you, why this covenant was accompanied by no creed or confession of faith. The answer to that question is found in the more general explanation that this was not the way of the older Puritans. In the oldest time no church, with rare exceptions, was founded on a written or a spoken creed. Each pastor composed a catechism of doctrine for his flock, because each pastor was supposed to teach his people with sufficient clearness and authority, as of necessity to make them acquainted with the great doctrines of the Christian faith. It is not known just how or when, but the fact is certain that after some three or four generations this practice was gradually changed. I am not certain that the older practice was not the better, for the reason that creeds change, necessarily, with the philosophy of the times in which they are composed; and it is scarcely possible that any man,

after a century had elapsed, should accept, in all its forms of statement, the philosophical definitions and the minutely specified relations between one truth and another, of any creed which was held a century before. I am not certain, even, but that if the old Puritan fashion had been upheld with fidelity and been applied as it might have been, the Congregational churches of New England might have been saved from that schism or division by which they were so unhappily separated. Of one thing, however, I am certain, — that when we read these early creeds, and find in them statements that we condemn or disapprove or reject, or when we find in the early sermons passages which offend us so much and offend us rightly, we would do well to remember that in the times in which they were uttered, and in the thoughts of the men who uttered them, they did not have precisely the same significance or call for the same assent as they would require from us. In other words, we ought to look back upon the teachings of the past with something like a just and wisely ordered historic imagination and historic sense, if we would do justice to the good sense and sound judgment and Christian feeling of those teachers and divines who had a high place, at least, in the affection of our fathers. Why should men not be tolerant of the past as well as of the present? While we do not hesitate to criticise the theology or to call in question many of the explanations of Christian truth which were then given, it would be narrow in us not

to expect that from one century to another the same truths would be defended by better arguments, and be presented in better definitions, and possibly enshrined in formulæ of prayer and consecration superior to those of earlier times. No less than this, it seems to me, is required of us when on an occasion like this we desire with our inmost hearts to pay the highest and sincerest homage to men who, from one generation to another, have been loved and honored, and who will continue to receive the respect of all right-minded men.

So much for the past with its admonitory lessons. What is before us in the future? Shall the Christian Church remain in the face of the scientific and philosophic atheism that is now so boldly proclaimed and so plausibly argued? Shall it stand before an historical criticism that would persuade us that the supernatural Christ is soon to vanish out of history, and ought therefore to be banished from the Christian's creed? Shall it continue in the face of the insidious and the repeated proclamation, here and there, that those bonds of duty which hold society together are soon to be physiologically relaxed or psychologically demonstrated out of their authority, and thus be robbed of their sacredness and their binding force? Shall we renounce Christ and the living God, and resort to science and philosophy for the defence of our faith? Shall we rely largely upon historical criticism, the study of which is confined to the few? Not in the least. The strong-

hold of the Christian faith is not necessarily in the schools either of philosophy or of history, important as these are; it is in the heart of man, as it wakens there those convictions which the intellect assents to as spiritually necessary and true, and which, therefore, we are certain must remain and prevail. If we in our Christian lives do but rise to a more constant and a more vivid apprehension of the presence of the living God; if we shall emerge from each one of these controversies and discussions with a constantly increasing sense of his personality and his loving providence; if we learn to read and accept the New Testament more and more for our personal guidance and our personal consolation, — we cannot but attain a higher and a more assured faith in Christ as the ground of our hopes and the joy of our lives. The covenant of this church, which has often been referred to, is too familiar for me to recite; let me repeat from modern literature another covenant or another prayer which seems to match it well, though it be phrased in a diction that might have seemed strange to our fathers: —

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing when we cannot prove!

. . . . . .

"Thou seemest human and divine, —
The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

"Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

"We have but faith; we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; — let it grow.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make our music, as before."

May we not conclude that if our modern literature, amid all the misgivings which it derives from philosophy and science, can express a faith like this, in forms that both kindle and elevate the imagination, and if such worship can rise from the men of this generation, we need never despair of the life and growth of the Christian Church. Rather should I say, we need never despair, in the presence of the living Christ, that his Church will continue to shine as the light and hope of mankind.

Then followed the singing of the 107th Psalm to the tune of "China."

From Psalms, Hymns, & Spiritual Songs of the Old & New Testaments faithfully translated into English Metre for the use, edification, & Comfort of the saints in public & private, especially in New England.

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With thanks unto the Lord confess
because that good is he;
Because his loving kindnesses
last to eternity.

So say the Lord's redeemed, whom bought
he hath from the enemies' hands,
And from the east & west hath brought
from south & northern lands.

In desart stray'd, in desart way,
no dwelling town they find.
They hungry were & thirsty they
their souls within them pin'd.

Then did they to Jehovah cry
when they were in distress;
Who did them set at liberty
out of their anguishes.

In such a way as was most right
he led them forth alsoe,
That to a city which they might
inhabit, they might goe.

Oh that men praise Jehovah would
for his great goodness then,
And for his marvellous lovingness
unto the sons of men.

The minister said: "There is nothing like an anniversary for bringing one's treasures into the light, and had it not been for this feast I should not have known that the minister of a famous Massachusetts church, the First Church in Concord, is a descendant of Rev. John Wilson; I have found him out, however, and shall now ask a word from the Rev. GRINDALL REYNOLDS."

ADDRESS OF REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS.

The strains of the old psalm which we have heard are very familiar to me. Only a few days ago I was reading the account of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the town in which I live.

At that anniversary this very psalm was sung, line by line, just as the fathers sung it. I thought then, as I think now, that nothing so shows what a prodigious change and growth have come in all the elements of prosperity and social life, as the fact that two hundred and fifty years ago people could sing the third verse of that psalm, "In desart stray'd," etc., and feel that it expressed truly their own experience. I suppose that I owe my connection with this interesting occasion to two facts: first, that I represent the oldest inland parish in Massachusetts, the descendants of that body of people who first left the tide-waters and pushed out into the true wilderness country; and second, and especially, that a few drops of the blood of that plain, good, honored, and useful man, John Wilson, your first minister, flow in my veins. I count it a high privilege that some real ties of association connect me with this time and event. Before coming into this place I walked into your chapel to look at the portrait of your old minister. I saw the dark, thin face, touched with a little of that melancholy, so often found in the countenances of the men of his generation, who suffered so much and sacrificed so much for their faith. That he was a stern Puritan, capable of putting down any man or any opinion which he thought threatened the kingdom of God in this new world, is clear. That he shared the weakness and superstitions of the time, believing in dreams and omens and the private gift of prophecy, we must admit, if we accept

the statement of Cotton Mather. That he was one who had a strong, clear conscience, who can deny, who remembers that he relinquished the pleasant quiet of college life and study, that he gave up the people whom he loved and who loved him, that he left behind father and mother, brother and sister, and wife too, and came to the wilderness rather than be false to his convictions? All these qualities he shared with his brethren. They were part of the common stock of the Puritan character. But what was special to him, what made the core of his personal character, was that, as the same Cotton Mather describes him, he was an apostle of zeal and love. He was a man with an affectionate temper and warm blood in him. It was no doubt this same warm blood which led him, as the tradition has it, to climb a tree and plead with the people for the re-election of Governor Winthrop. It was this which won Winthrop's warm, deep regard. It was this warm blood and kindly heart which made, what an elder of the church once said, true, that in the whole congregation there was scarcely one man who did not love and reverence John Wilson, and possible for him to reply, not *one* whom John Wilson does not love. There were, perhaps, greater men in the colony intellectually than he. Probably John Cotton had a more powerful mind, a deeper and finer scholarship, and so a greater place as a theologian. But John Wilson was a pastor, not simply in name and by election, but in fact and in all the tendencies

of his character. He was a man who took up into his heart and sympathies all the joys, griefs, errors, and needs of his people, — a man, as it was said, great in discipline, who could comfort, guide, and, if need be, admonish and exhort, — a man to build up and strengthen in all good elements of Christian life a church, and to be justly remembered and honored for so doing.

There is nothing more profitable, as I believe, than this recalling and cherishing of a good past; not alone, as his Excellency the Governor had it, the idealized past, but the real, stern, hard, conscience-loving past, which has created good institutions and built up great and noble life. In some countries, no doubt, the past becomes almost an oppression. Its memories hallow sometimes not only the good but the bad equally, and so stand as a barrier in the way of true progress. There is no such danger in our State and country. Here the new triumphs. Every eye is open to clearer light; every mind is expecting fresh progress in knowledge, in custom of life, in revelations of truth, in all things. No danger but we shall go forward! No danger that anything shall hamper or repress life, energy, hope, liberty! No danger at all! Perhaps the rather danger that we shall seek change for the sake of it. The memory of the old steadies us. It gives us a sober sense of that from which all real advance comes; that the good present and the hopeful future have their roots in the noble past. It is good that

while the eyes are looking forward, and mind and heart are expecting more light and better, our feet should stand on the stable foundation of sound righteous history and life.

But I must not linger. I offer you the greeting and congratulation of the oldest inland parish to that church which may be considered to be in some way the spiritual mother of all old Massachusetts parishes; to that church which, seated by the restless waters of Massachusetts Bay, has seen the cornfields and pastures of the little Trimountain peninsula become the centre of a great material prosperity, of a refined intellectual life, and, surely we must add, of a lofty religious faith and character; to that church which, in all this wonderful advance, has contributed its full share of moral power and influence; to that church which to-day, in this beautiful temple which it has reared, is preparing to do its part to make the growth which the future has in store pure, solid, righteous, and so enduring.

The minister said: "There is one of this company who left us in very early childhood, and without giving any reasons; but we have always been ready to receive him back to our fold, and rejoice always in his word and work. Not only a baptized child of the church but a descendant from the Rev. John Cotton, one of its first ministers, he kindly recognizes our claim for a word, and I need not ask you to give your attention to the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D."

ADDRESS OF REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

I thank you very much for allowing me to say a few words, and I will honestly try that they shall be very few. I should like to say something of the impression which this celebration of John Cotton makes upon one of his descendants. My connection with my very great grandfather is so remote that I may venture to speak of him without hesitation. I am so full of pleasure in life, and so full of the sense that that pleasure is very much increased by its being my happiness to live in Boston, that I cannot but be grateful to him who had a great deal to do with my living at all, and a great deal to do with making Boston what it is for a man to live in. I am not sure that he would accept of his representative. I am not sure that if he saw me standing here and speaking any words in his praise, and knew exactly where I was standing, there might not be some words rising to his lips that would show that neither I nor you were wholly what he could approve. He might say prelatist, he might say heretic. He might call me by the first name, call both of us by the second name; and yet that criticism, as we stand in the presence of his memory on this commemoration day, would make absolutely no difference. John Cotton, in the life into which he has passed, now looks deeper and looks wider, and we have a right to enter into communion with the

spirit of the man, and not simply with his specific opinions or the ways in which he worshipped; we may claim him, at least, as one who would honor our recognition of him, as one whom we are at liberty to honor. It would be a terrible thing, it would narrow our life and make it very meagre, if we had no right to honor and to draw inspiration from any men except those we agree with and who would approve of us. As we look abroad through history and around through the world, I think sometimes that our noblest inspirations and our best teachings have come from the men who, when we compare our views with theirs, are very far from us; of whom, when we ask for their approbation of us, we have to beg with very hesitating lips. And so we may at least claim the privilege of John Cotton, that he shall give us the inspiration of paying him our honor.

And it seems to me that a man who stands, as this man stands, at the beginning of the history of a nation or a town, is an everlasting benefaction to the town or nation. It is an example that never can be exhausted. The way in which Washington stands at the beginning of the national history and sends down a perpetual power, full of strength and beauty, is the great typical American instance of the way in which, at the beginning of the history of every town, of every city, of every State, of every institution, there will be these typical men. Our Western States are gathering them now, just as our

Eastern States gathered them two hundred years ago; and the earnest, faithful ministers, and the consecrated men who are dedicating themselves to the building up of institutions in our Western land, are going to pass into that perhaps mythical, but perhaps for that reason all the truer and more genuine admiration, into which they who founded our institutions two hundred and fifty years ago have passed now. For his standing at the beginning of our history and sending us his inspiration perpetually, we thank John Cotton.

And I thank him, as a Church of England man, as a man loving the Episcopal Church with all my heart, I thank him for being a Puritan. I thank him for giving me a renewed assurance of that which all history teaches me to believe, and that which my knowledge of God would make me believe if no illustration of it were written in history, that God will not permit a church to become corrupt and degenerate and unfaithful to its duties without sending a man who shall bear testimony against it and stir it to the regeneration of its life. The Church of England has no men to thank to-day more devoutly. Not her great scholars, her great orators, her noble teachers, her splendid missionaries! She has no men to whom she ought to be more grateful to-day than to the Puritans who told her in the seventeenth century how degraded her life was becoming.

But when I recall the name of this church, it fills

me with still other feelings of gratitude. "The First Church of Christ!" I think there is infinite suggestion, infinite poetry, in the thought of the first church of Christ in any land. If a man feels, as the disciples of Christ do feel, that all the earth is his; if we believe that whatever elements of good the savage lands have brought forth they have brought forth by the inspiration of his Spirit working even where his name has been unknown, and that all these lands are waiting for the touch of the Christ they cannot recognize to be quickened into a life they have not guessed of yet, — then what shall we think of that church which stands perpetually bearing the proud record in its name, that it was the first to bring the everlasting and universal Christ into a new section, a new district of the world? Here for the first time, when the First Church of Christ was started, that became possible which had been impossible before. No church can stand here in Boston to the very end of time that must not humbly owe and pay its debt of gratitude to the First Church of Christ, that set his name upon these hills and made the winds vocal with the new ideas of his gospel.

The seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries belong wonderfully together. The seventeenth century was a time of deep religious conviction; the nineteenth century boasts itself of large toleration. It is perfectly natural to find, as we look into the history of the seventeenth century, that

to deep conviction toleration was again and again sacrificed; and as we look into the history of the nineteenth century, we can see we have not yet obtained such a large and symmetrical manhood that one is not still sacrificed to the other, and find again and again conviction sacrificed to toleration. It would be a poor world to live in if it could get to the end of itself in nineteen centuries, and there were not others before us greater and better. That is one of the elements by which the future centuries will be made better; we must look to the combining together in the same character of those elements which have existed in different centuries thus far. When absolute religious conviction shall abide side by side with earnest toleration; when men shall believe with all their hearts, as they believed in the seventeenth century, and at the same time be willing that other men shall believe differently, as they are now in the nineteenth century; when toleration shall not be oppressed by conviction of religious truth, and when private thought and belief with regard to religious truth shall make men all the more tender and jealous of the rights of other men's consciences, — then there will come a century which, combining the blessings of the seventeenth and the nineteenth, shall make a nobler world to live in than we have seen yet, — the time that has been prophesied, but has not yet come, when mercy and truth shall dwell together, when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other. That our celebration

may help the coming of that day, I am sure is the prayer of every one who joins in any of these commemoration services.

The minister said: "Harvard College was established primarily that the churches of the Commonwealth might not lack competent ministers, men in whose training for their high service manhood and knowledge had been added to faith; and the bond between the College and the churches was very strong. However it may be with the forms of truth, we believe that in the spirit of truth College and Church are still at one, and, feeling sure that our day would be not without interest to the Theological Faculty of the University, we have asked the Dean of that Faculty to favor us with a word."

ADDRESS OF REV. PROF. C. C. EVERETT, D.D.

Ladies and Gentlemen, — An attempt has been made by one of the speakers this afternoon, a very impressive attempt, to make us feel how long two hundred and fifty years have been. I think it would be even more difficult to make us realize what two hundred and fifty years of the life of a church mean. Especially is this so in regard to a church which has never been the instrument of any civil or ecclesiastical power, but has always been a church of the people and for the people. Think how many happy homes its beneficence has made; think how many wandering souls it has rescued during these long years; think how many spirits have been uplifted to calmer heights by its solemn worship; and now it stands to-day as fresh, as young, as ever, doing its

work as well as ever, giving us the promise of successful labors in the years to come. But I think we must fully realize, when we speak of the Church, that in founding the Church, our fathers were also planting the State. They founded the churches which were to spring into States; and when we think of this, we realize, as we do not always, the fact that we have no mythical period to our history, — the fact that all our history is so transparent and open to us. We have no heroic age, veiled from us by the shadows of awe, myth, and tradition. At the same time, I wonder, when I think of it, how little we miss this mythical heroic age. We have an heroic age as noble as that of any other people, and it needs no shadowy abode of myth, no veil of mystery. Our fathers were heroic as those stern heroes of olden story. They were wise as Arthur and pure as Galahad. We find, also, that supernatural element which gives so much of the charm to those old heroic stories, for our fathers felt the very presence of God with them, and every word and every act sprang from this consciousness. They were but as instruments in his hands.

Now, in an anniversary like this, when we celebrate the great beginning which occupies our thoughts to-day, we find ourselves face to face with these heroes of the past, — our fathers. We find ourselves face to face, also, with that great idea which was their inspiration and which has been the life of our nation ever since. For this transparency of our

history, that I spoke of, is marked in nothing more than in this, — that the ideal element, which is so often hidden in the lives of other peoples, which they, perhaps, slowly come to realize themselves, — which, perhaps, they never come to realize, — is ever present in our history. Just as the history of the Hebrew people is marked in this, that providential guidance stands forth as in no other, and we read that "God did" and "God said," so in our history this inner providence, which is present in the history of all peoples, makes itself manifest in every step. As we look back, we find ourselves face to face with this grand ideal, face to face with these heroic souls; and we cannot help reading the question in their deep, earnest eyes, whether we have been true to it and to them. If we have not, in vain is it that we come to do them reverence. This ideal element, as we have been told this afternoon, consists of two parts, namely, of liberty and of religion. These were not held by our fathers as I have named them simply side by side. The ideal of religion was the fundamental ideal. Liberty was for the sake of that. It was not merely religious liberty they sought, it was not merely liberty for religion, it was liberty for the sake of religion.

Now, to this ideal of liberty I think we may fairly say that we have been true. Our generation also has shown itself heroic. When this ideal of freedom moved like a pillar of fire through the dark night of war, the nation followed it with bleeding

heart. But how is it in regard to religion? I think if we should lay before our fathers all our triumphs of art, all our triumphs of civilization, all our discoveries in science, they would still look from them all and ask for that one thing needful. They left a civilization dear to them as ours is to us, they left it for this ideal of which I speak, and they would still ask, "How is it with religion? Are you true, also, to that?" And would they not miss in our busy streets what they need most, in our training schools what they need most, in our varied associations for varied business what they need most, — something of this presence? Certainly the religious element does not fill the place in our common consciousness that it did in theirs. And here one or two considerations may be named: one is, that our fathers were picked men. They were drawn, as by a sort of magnet, from their contemporaries; they came here as leaven to introduce a new power or life. No sooner were they here than the leaven was covered by the meal, poured in without measure as it is being poured in now, and we need not ask ourselves whether the whole mass be like that original type, but simply whether the leaven be still working at its heart. And then, again, you must allow me to make a distinction in regard to religion. There are two forms of religion, and though I shall place one vastly higher than the other, I would have you understand that both, in their measure, may enter into the true and complete religion. In the one,

men seek God for what he may do for them. They seek to make him, if I may so speak, their instrument; at least, they seek from him temporal and eternal prosperity and happiness. In the other, men ask what they shall do for God. They seek to make themselves his instruments and to do his will. Now, of the two that I have named, it is the first that makes the most parade. It is this that builds most temples, it is this that lights most altar fires, it is this that makes the idea of religion constantly prominent. The other is more quiet, it makes less parade, yet it is the higher of the two. One we may compare to the starlight: we go out and we see only the stars, and we say, "How beautiful they are!" The other may be compared to the sunlight: we go out into the world, not to say, "How beautiful is the sun!" but "How beautiful is the world!" So the divinity of the one form of religion says, "Come and do reverence to me;" the other says, "Go, do my will." Now, as I have said, these two elements may together, each in its measure, be united in one perfect religion. Of the two, it must be admitted that the first or lower form is certainly much less prominent than it was in almost any other period of the history of the world. It is this that has been torn by criticism, that has been attacked by so-called science; it is this that has had to bear the great brunt of the onslaught against the religious experiences. But the great question for us is whether there still remains, in its due propor-

tion, that higher element of religion, that element of obedience, that element that seeks the will of God. This our fathers had. It was this that drove them to this wilderness: they came to do God's will. And the question for us to ask ourselves is whether that spirit animates their children. Who shall answer? Who, at least, shall dare say in the face of all the triumphs of philanthropy, in the face of all the triumphs of Christian charity, — who shall dare to say that it does not? And I would add, simply, that the work that this religious faith has to do to-day is very like that which it had to do in the day of our fathers. We speak often of this First Church as "the church of the wilderness." It was pushed far in advance of the reach of the civilization of the time into a new world; and are not new realms constantly opening before us now? Not realms of the physical world, but realms of the intellectual world? Are not these great reaches of science and civilization opening before us, and is not the work of the Church now, what it was then, to press on to occupy these new lands, and plant itself in advance even, in this intellectual region, which is, so far as religion may be concerned, a wilderness, — to plant itself there that the wilderness may blossom like the rose? Long may this First Church of Boston continue to do, as it is doing now, its blessed work!

The anthem, "Send out thy light" (Gounod), was then sung by the choir. And the minister said: "Salem was

John Winthrop's landing-place, and though, as it is recorded, 'he liked it not,' he still landed there, and we have had reason to be grateful that it has been the home of so many noble men and women. Our own church has been called Salem Chapel for the number of those whom we have been glad to welcome from that City of Peace. I am sure that you will be glad to hear one who will speak for Winthrop's landing-place."

ADDRESS OF HON. ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

The lateness of the hour admonishes me to address myself at once and without verbiage to the purpose I had in view in accepting your kind invitation to take part in this memorial. My object was to ask a moment's attention to a few sentences from a very remarkable letter of the period, — a letter remarkable for its authorship, remarkable for the times and circumstances which produced it, and equally remarkable for the rare and admirable spirit of tolerance which prompted it and breathes through it.

No member of the Winthrop company — the great Suffolk emigration of 1630 — was more justly conspicuous than Sir Richard Saltonstall. He was the first named of six original patentees of Massachusetts Bay. He was a man of learning, of influence, of rank and parts. His name was often at or near the head of lists of subscription for stock and funds. Mather called him "that excellent knight." Nobody of that whole company was more esteemed

at home or on this side the water, and although he remained in New England but a few years, he happens to have identified himself more thoroughly than any other of the Winthrop company, through an honorable progeny, with my own county of Essex. I state these facts simply to show that Sir Richard Saltonstall is as well entitled as any man of the number to be ranked as the exponent, the spokesman, of the best thought and sentiment of the Puritanism of Old and New England, and I read this letter simply to show how far his own generous mind, and how far the better minds of the times on both sides of the water were impressed with a healthy abhorrence of the extremes to which some of our ancestors were inclined to carry their narrowness and intolerance. He wrote from England soon after his return there the following letter: —

"It doth not a little grieve my spirit to hear what sad things are reported daily of your tyranny and persecutions in New England, as that you fine, whip, and imprison men for their consciences. Truly, friends, this your practice of compelling any in matters of worship to do that whereof they are not fully persuaded, is to make them sin, for so the apostle tells us, and many are made hypocrites thereby, conforming in their outward man, for fear of punishment. We pray for you and wish you prosperity every way, and hoped the Lord would have given you so much light and love there as not to practise those courses in a wilderness which you went so far

to prevent. These rigid ways have laid you very low in the hearts of the saints. I do assure you that I have heard them pray in the public assemblies that the Lord would give you meek and humble spirits, not to strive so much for uniformity as to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. I hope you do not assume to yourselves infallibility of judgment, when the most learned of the apostles confesseth he knew but in part and saw but darkly."

The minister said: "When they speak of New England and the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans across the ocean, it is Plymouth, not Boston, that comes first from the lips. And so we of Boston must still look as the younger to the older, and ask a word of encouragement from a Plymouth minister and man."

ADDRESS OF REV. G. W. BRIGGS, D.D.

Have compassion upon me at this late hour, and I will have compassion upon you. In his desire to get as near to the Pilgrims as possible in point of time, my friend has asked me, as the oldest living minister that has been connected with the church which they formed, to respond for it to-day. Let me make my few words a right hand of fellowship from that older organization. Twenty-eight years earlier than the First Church in Boston, the Plymouth Church was formed in the same simple way, by the covenanting together of godly, truth-loving men, probably in Elder Brewster's house, in Scrooby,

in England. They were mainly gathered from the common people; like those who heard Jesus gladly, those from whom apostles were made. Finding in a little while that they would "be harried out of the kingdom," or meet heavier punishment, they went first to Leyden, and a few years later, in 1620, came to Plymouth. After their first severe experiences here, I can imagine with what intense gratitude and joy they welcomed the earlier churches organized upon these shores. They had suffered from wasting sickness, nearly half of the first company going to their graves in the first four months. They had an experience of famine, so that men were sometimes faint from the want of proper food; and they could offer only a bit of fish and a draught of cold water to those who came to visit them. They were in perpetual peril of attack from the native tribes. They were disturbed by internal dissensions also. For when these sons of God were gathered together, Satan came also among them in the person of a wily and false minister who purposed mischief. But those true-hearted men unmasked him, and indignantly drove him away to his own place. After nine years of such perils, when the Salem Church was formed, in 1629, how earnestly Governor Bradford, with others not named, must have hastened to greet it; and, though hindered by "cross winds" as they went over the Bay, only reaching Salem late in the day, they were in season to give their right hand of fellowship with deep religious joy. And

when in the next year the churches in Boston, Dorchester, Watertown, were organized, each must have seemed to them as a new star shining out upon the night round about them, whose rising they hailed with exceeding gladness as full of promise and hope.

These stars differed from one another in various respects, but they all had one common glory. All of these organizations were created by a religious inspiration, and devoted to the highest ends; and therefore they have survived. Other settlements were attempted with lower aims. One was made in Weymouth, in which men tried to live "by bread alone," and it quickly died. Basing themselves upon the eternal things, working for them, the Pilgrim and Puritan settlements have lasted through the succeeding centuries. What great things they have wrought! A twofold glory belongs to Plymouth. In the cabin of the Mayflower the Pilgrims created a government founded upon the eternal truth of the divine rights of humanity, and not upon the baseless assumption of the divine right of kings. It has been eloquently said to-day that we need a religion that shall unite the faith of the seventeenth century with the liberality of the nineteenth. The prophecy, we may almost say the glory, of that union belongs to the Plymouth Fathers. The liberality of the nineteenth century spoke in the farewell charge of Robinson, their minister, when the Pilgrims started from Leyden. And the faith of the seven-

teenth century inspired those who so bravely crossed the sea, and stayed through perils to build up here the kingdom of God.

I leave the tempting theme. In 1630 the Pilgrim Church must have given its right hand to this in all the joy of hope. In thankfulness for what you have done in these two hundred and fifty years, as well as in the glad hope for coming centuries, as the representative of that Pilgrim Church I give you its right hand of fellowship again to-day.

The minister then said that a telegram had been received from the President of the United States, and letters from the Secretary of State, Hon. William M. Evarts, and the Attorney-General, Hon. Charles Devens, acknowledging, but declining invitations to be present with us. Many letters, some from Old Boston and others from friends in our land, would have been read to the congregation had time permitted. They will be found in the chapter of correspondence. The services continued with the singing of the following Hymn by Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS: —

O God ! while generations flee
  Like leaves before Thy face,
Through endless ages Thou wilt be
  Thy children's dwelling-place.

Great Shepherd of the countless flock,
  Where'er they rest or roam ;
Their cheering sun, their sheltering rock,
  Their everlasting home !

Our sainted fathers, where are they?
  They slept, they woke in Thee,
And here in memory's light, to-day,
  They walk serene and free.

Roll back, O Time, thy ceaseless wave,
Bring round the day once more,
When first they trod, the free and brave,
This wild and wood-crowned shore.

In God's first temple here they stood,
His breath inspired the air;
And through the green, o'erarching wood
Uprose their song and prayer.

When days grew dark, they sowed in trust,
In patience, and in peace,
Assured that God, the wise and just,
Would give the seed increase.

A large-armed tree, behold it now!
God's word its living root;
To children's children each broad bough
Brings healing, shade, and fruit.

O Thou who led'st our sires of old,
Their grateful children lead;
Thy flock in shelter safe enfold,
In sunny pastures feed!

Still guide our footsteps in the way
That climbs the morning height,
Thy law, O God! our cloud by day,
Thy love our fire by night!

The afternoon exercises closed with a most fitting benediction by the Rev. JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

After an interval of two hours, a large company gathered in the church, to listen to a concert from the choir; and then passed, by invitation, into the chapel for a social gathering and collation.

The choir, whose services added so much during the afternoon and the evening to the interest of the occasion, was composed as follows: Miss ANNIE LOUISE GAGE, soprano; Mrs. JENNIE M. NOYES, contralto; Mr. W. H.

FESSENDEN, tenor; Mr. CLARENCE E. HAY, bass; and Mr. ARTHUR FOOTE, piano. The rendering of the following ancient New England Psalm was much enjoyed by the company: —

PSALM LXXVIII. *Maschil of Asaph.*

OLD TUNE, — "Rainbow."

Give list'ning ear unto my law,
Ye people that are mine;
Unto the sayings of my mouth
Do you your ear encline.

My mouth I 'll ope in parables,
I 'll speak things hid of old,
Which we have heard and known, and which
Our fathers have us told.

Them from their children we 'll not hide,
But shew the age to come
The Lord, his praise, his strength and works
Of wonder he hath done.

That th' age to come and children which
Are to be born might know
That they who should arise, the same
Might to their children shew.

That they upon the mighty God
Their confidence might set;
God's works and his commandements
Might keep and not forget.

And might not like their fathers be
A cross, stiff race, a race
That set not right their hearts, not
Firm with God their spirit was.

The music, the gathering, and the banquet were all that could be desired, and the guests of the church were many.

CARBON PHOTO. ALLEN & ROWELL

Rufus Ellis.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1880.

I regret that I cannot attend the very interesting commemoration services to be held to-day in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the completion of the First Church in Boston.

R. B. HAYES.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret extremely that it proves to be not in my power to attend the commemorative services on the approaching anniversary of the First Church in Boston.

Please convey to the committee my regrets, and, with my thanks for the courteous attention of their invitation,

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

WM. M. EVARTS.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 11, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I am exceedingly obliged for the invitation to attend the commemorative services in honor of the completion by the First Church in Boston of two hundred and fifty years, and regret extremely that my engagements will necessarily compel me to decline to be present upon so interesting an occasion.

Your obedient servant,

CHAS. DEVENS.

By a singular coincidence, yours is the second invitation in connection with New Boston which I have been obliged this year to decline, — on the former occasion, through absence from home at the arrival of the telegram ; and on this occasion, by pressure of work at home and other reasons with which I need not trouble you. The clergyman of your church, however, whom I had so lately the honor of seeing at my vicarage, will tell you how much I desire (if the providence of God shall clear the way) to visit a city so closely connected with this town where I have lived so long, and a slight recollection of which long life I venture to send with this letter ; and I remain, with much esteem,

Your faithful servant,

G. B. BLENKIN,
Vicar of Boston, Canon of Lincoln.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, Nov. 8, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I feel extremely obliged and flattered by your invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your church, but I am unable to accept it.

I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,

T. WRIGHT.

BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE, Nov. 8, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — Permit me to thank you for the kind invitation you have sent me through our worthy vicar to be present at the jubilee to be held in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of your church and the renaming of your town.

Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be with you on that occasion, but my business engagements forbid it.

I fully participate with you in the feelings of cordiality and esteem that connect the old Boston with the new as members of one family, and express a hope that these will long continue.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES WRIGHT.

2 Winter's Terrace, Homcastle Road,
Boston, Lincolnshire, Nov. 7, 1880.

Dear Dr. Ellis, — Although compelled by pressure of business to delay the writing of this letter until now, I must avail myself of the present opportunity for discharging what I feel is a duty, and trust my communication may reach you before your celebration on the 18th instant. In the first place, I ought to express the great pleasure my congregation and myself experienced in being honored with a visit from yourself, Mrs. and Miss Ellis. Our pleasure would have been increased tenfold had only the time at your disposal allowed of our giving you a much more fitting reception than we were really able to. Most assuredly, if you could have remained amongst us over the Monday, we would have given you a public welcome, — though in Old Boston we don't move very quickly, or do very great things, such as "our kin across the sea" do in New Boston, if I except the great amount of bribery and corruption of which we are guilty at our elections, and for which we are at this moment being most righteously castigated.

I would also have guaranteed you the largest congregation my chapel is capable of holding, had you been able to preach in my pulpit; for, in spite of our natural sluggishness, we can, on occasion, get up a little enthusiasm, and should have done so on such an auspicious occasion as the visit of one who occupies the exalted position of successor to the great and good Dr. Cotton of historic fame on both sides of the Atlantic, and the bishop (pardon the title) of a diocese very largely composed of churches and professors of a liberal faith. However, in lieu of that reception, I hope the small gift from my congregation may be accepted by your own people as an earnest of the fraternal feeling we entertain for our American cousins, or, as I ought to say in this case, our sons and daughters.

Having learnt that you desired to take something from St. Botolph's town for your people to look at, to read, or to listen to, we thought a sketch of our town as it used to be would be appreciated by those whose very existence as citizens of one of the first cities in the United States is a fitting *dénouement* of a drama the first scene of which was acted here nearly three centuries ago.

A view of the old bridge, as it is possible it looked in those early days of the seventeenth century, and a glimpse of the river, on the bosom of which first floated that ship's freight of determined Englishmen, together with the precious souls of their wives and children, all alike sustained with one desire to be free, and destined by an all-wise Providence to become the founders of the greatest republic the world has ever known, we felt must be welcome to those who, in their veneration for all that was noble in the past, we regard as the most conservative of men.

As from one congregation of free Christians to another, we deemed a photograph of our own chapel and school would not be inappropriate. The little volume of "Tales of Boston," written by a former member of my congregation, and presented by a present and the oldest member, Mr. Thomas Smalley Cooke, aged eighty-six, it was thought would amuse, while the photographs of our church and Dr. Cotton's pulpit, as they were seen but a few days ago by yourself and Mrs. and Miss Ellis, would be a small memento of your visit you would be pleased to possess. Not for any intrinsic value the gift possesses do we ask the citizens of New Boston, or those of them belonging to First Church, to accept these things, but as a small token of the high regard we have for them, and as an unworthy substitute for the more substantial and unanimous mark of recognition which my congregation think ought certainly to have been presented by our town on the auspicious celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of your city. Some of us regret exceedingly that the lack of enterprise, good feeling, and a broad sympathy here should have rendered it impossible to perform a great duty, but so it is. It is a pleasure to know that New Boston possesses more of these virtues, and that its citizens will make a practical display of their generous sympathy, one towards another, at the approaching celebration. We one and all send you and your fellow-citizens our warmest congratulations on the attainment of your two hundred and fiftieth year of age. We are proud to know that the spirit of enterprise and manly endeavor that inspired the founders of your great nation and beautiful city was the spirit of true-born Englishmen; and while the parent stock here and there shows signs of decay, we are conscious she

has given — unwittingly, we admit — some of her best life for the foundation of other nations, the peopling of other continents, and the advancement of civilization. Most sincerely do we pray and hope that the next two and a half centuries of time may be as prodigal of good results for your city and country as the last have been; and especially do we trust the great American people will long continue to hold by those great principles of civil and religious freedom which have been instrumental in advancing the United States of America to the very forefront amongst the nations of the earth. With our united very best wishes for the success of your gathering on the 18th instant, and for the continued welfare of your great republic, believe me to remain,

Very cordially yours,

W. S. KEY, *Minister.*

On behalf of the Unitarian congregation, Boston, Lincolnshire.

P. S. Your excellent letter to me, written at Lincoln City, after being read with interest by my congregation, I handed to the Congregational Body for perusal, with the expressed hope that they would send you a fraternal greeting. I have not heard if they intend doing so.

Many thanks to friends for cablegram just to hand by Vicar of St. Botolph's.

I am requested to reply on behalf of Messrs. Wright and myself. We should have been delighted to accept your hospitality on the 18th instant, but are detained here by Royal Commission and other matters.

Canon Blenkin, I guess, will reply direct.

W. S. KEY.

LETTERS FROM MINISTERS OF FIRST CHURCHES.

PLYMOUTH, MASS., Nov. 8, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — Your invitation for me to attend the exercises on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church in Boston has been duly received, and it

will afford me great pleasure to be present at the time and place indicated.

Very sincerely yours,

E. Q. S. Osgood.

Salem, Mass., Nov. 9, 1880.

Gentlemen, — It will give me much pleasure to attend the commemorative services in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston, Thursday, Nov. 18, 1880.

With many thanks for your cordial invitation, I am

Very respectfully yours,

F. Israel.

Lynn, Mass., Nov. 9, 1880.

Dear Sir, — Your very kind invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston is received, and in reply I would say that it will give me great pleasure to be present at the commemorative services to be held in honor of the occasion, unless some special duty should arise to detain me at home.

I believe in such occasions. It seems eminently befitting, especially in this busy and fast age, to improve such an anniversary by reviewing the lives and labors of the brave and good who have gone before us. We have so much to do, to care for, to think, read, and talk about in regard to what is going on in the wide and wide-awake world around us, that there is great danger of our forgetting the past and what is due to it from the present. May your review of these two centuries and a half furnish to you who are most interested, and to all who shall read the reports of the commemorative services, many lessons for study, reflection, and improvement in all the years to come. "Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation."

Sincerely yours,

W. Barton.

YARMOUTH, MASS., Nov. 8, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation of the First Church in Boston to attend the commemorative services in honor of its completion of two hundred and fifty years, and shall be happy to accept it. I shall be happy to bear, in a quiet way, the congratulations of the ancient church I represent — the seventh in the order of establishment in the old colony — to her elder sister of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

Respectfully and fraternally yours,

JOHN W. DODGE.

NEWBURY, MASS., Nov. 8, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I have received the invitation of the First Church in Boston to attend the commemorative services in honor of its completion of two hundred and fifty years.

It would give me great pleasure to attend those services if other engagements permitted. I am expecting to attend the National Triennial Council of Congregational Churches in St. Louis this week and next, and therefore shall probably be unable to accept your kind invitation.

In behalf of the First Church in Newbury, I extend hearty thanks for your courtesy, and regrets on my own behalf that I shall be unable to accept your cordial invitation.

Very sincerely yours,

OMAR W. FOLSOM.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., Nov. 11, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I regret to say that it will not be convenient for me to attend your commemorative services next Thursday. I thank you very much for your kind invitation. I trust that your venerable church will have to celebrate many, many such joyful anniversaries; and that, though the "First Church in Boston," it is still very young compared with the age to which it is to live, doing Christ's noblest work.

Yours respectfully,

J. S. THOMSON.

LETTERS FROM OTHER MINISTERS.

MEDFIELD, MASS., Nov. 9, 1880.

GENTLEMEN, — I beg leave to return my grateful acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon me by the invitation of the First Church in Boston to attend the services commemorative of the organization of that church, which are to take place on Thursday, Nov. 18th, and to say that I shall be most happy to be present, if possible, on that occasion.

Bearing the name of one of the early ministers of that church, the Rev. Charles Chauncy, who was the particular friend and patron of my father, I shall feel it to be a duty as well as a privilege to attend these services.

With great respect, I am, gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

CHAS. C. SEWALL.

HINGHAM, MASS., Nov. 9, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I am very grateful to you and your associates for the invitation to attend the commemorative services of the First Church in Boston on the 18th instant. Such occasions have a special interest to those who honor the aim and revere the characters of the men who planted our New England institutions.

My age and sickness in my family render it so very uncertain whether I shall be able to leave home at the time, that propriety requires me to decline with great reluctance your kind invitation.

With great respect, yours,

CALVIN LINCOLN.

SUNDAY, Nov. 7, 1880.

GENTLEMEN, — I esteem it an honor to be invited by the First Church in Boston to the observance of its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

It was my privilege fifty years ago to be a worshipper in my father's pew in Chauncy Place, and I take pleasure in recalling the faces that were lifted towards our minister.

I am not now so good a hearer as then, and on that account must not take the place of some one whose ears will catch all the good words of that occasion. May all things conspire to bless your services!

With loyalty to the First Church, I am yours truly,

WM. G. BABCOCK,
Pastor of Warren St. Chapel.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1880.

HONORED SIR, — Your kind invitation to meet you on Thursday, Nov. 18th, at two o'clock, for the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the First Church, has just been received, and I am very much obliged to you for the same, although, from my limited strength, I feel obliged to decline all outside calls of this nature.

I have especial reasons for rejoicing with you in this anniversary. My father and mother attended the First Church for a great many years; I was for a long while a member of the Sunday-school; in 1848 I joined the church under Rev. Dr. Frothingham, and I was at one time a student in theology with Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis: so that you see a large part of my life, that has now reached about fifty years, has been interwoven with the history of your society; and when I took my vows as a minister in 1854, Dr. Ellis was a prominent member of the Council, and took an important part in the services of the day.

It is therefore with great regret that I feel myself forced to stay away at the time of your rejoicing.

Very respectfully,

CALEB D. BRADLEE,
Pastor of the Church at Harrison Square.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Nov. 12, 1880.

MR. G. W. WARREN.

DEAR SIR, — I thank you for the invitation to attend the services of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of First Church. I cannot come, but with a great multitude of Boston boys, now

Western men, shall watch the newspapers with interest to overhear what you do and say in the mother church, so old and so young.

Yours respectfully,

W. C. GANNETT.

DANVERS, MASS., 11th mo. 9, 1880.

HON. GEO. W. WARREN, — My thanks are due for the invitation to attend the commemorative services on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston. I regret that I am not able to be present on an occasion of such interest to Boston and the Commonwealth at large.

Very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ST. MORITZ, UPPER ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND, July 14, 1880.

DEAR MR. ELLIS, — Your invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church was received last week at Lucerne. Accept my assurance that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to accept it and say a hearty word as a layman now and a child of the church into which in my youth I was admitted to membership. My memory lingers fondly over my father, — his long pastorate ; his devotion to his people ; his fidelity to the offices of his ministry ; his loyalty to the faith, as he apprehended it ; his high aim as a teacher and servant of his Master. I recall the day of his successor's installation, and remember some of the words he said on that occasion. Though for many years my associations with the ancient church have been interrupted by outward circumstances, let me say that my sense of the present pastor's constancy and zeal is, as it always has been, clear and strong, and my interest in the old church steady as ever. May its future be as honorable as its past has been ! More than that cannot be asked.

The occasion suggests thoughts which I might speak but shall not attempt to write. My own pulpit ministry ends at about the same age with my father's. It pleases me to think that the spirit of it was approved by him in his latter years.

Thank you for your kind wishes respecting my health. It is indeed better, and will, I hope, allow me yet to do some work in a new field.

With cordial wishes for the success of your anniversary, and remembrances to my old friends who may be privileged to celebrate it, I am

Faithfully yours,

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

CLINTON, MASS., Nov. 11, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — Your invitation to attend the commemorative services in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston came duly to hand.

I regret to write that home duties will not permit me to be present at the services the report of which I shall read with so much pleasure.

For a year, during my preparation for the ministry, I was superintendent of the First Church Sunday-school, under the supervision of the then and now pastor. My work in the Sunday-school, if of little value to teachers and pupils, was of much benefit to myself in fitting me for the ministry, and I found in the church another "lecture-room" to supplement those of the Divinity School.

For the church and pastor I cherish grateful memories, and am glad to have them thus happily called fresh to mind.

Truly your friend,

CHARLES NOYES.

BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I take pleasure in acknowledging your invitation to the coming anniversary of the First Church. I accept it in my own behalf and that of my society with hearty congratulations upon the noble past record and the present flourishing condition of this our elder sister church.

Most sincerely yours,

EDWARD A. HORTON,
Pastor of Second Church.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your kind letter inviting me to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of First Church has reached me just as I am getting ready to take the cars for St. Louis. It is a great disappointment to me that I shall not be able to be at the observances of so important an occasion. Especially interesting to me would it be to be present, owing to the relations of the First Church to the Old South in their early history. I think I can say, in the name of all the Old South people, that the daughter sends affectionate greetings to the mother. It gives me much pleasure to have this opportunity of saying that my relations with your present minister, Rev. Rufus Ellis, D.D., have always been most pleasant. I desire also to acknowledge his uniform courtesy and kindness to me, and the kindness of his parishioners whom I have had the good fortune to meet.

Necessarily in haste, very truly yours,

J. M. MANNING,
Old South Parsonage.

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69 NEWBURY ST., BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1880.

HON. G. W. WARREN, — I thank your committee heartily for the favor of an invitation to the anniversary exercises of the First Church. It will afford me joy to participate in the exercises as a listener in cordial sympathy with my brethren and nearest neighbors in the communion of the Christian Church.

Yours fraternally,

JOSEPH T. DURYEA,
Pastor of Central Church.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — Your kind invitation to attend the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church in Boston was duly received.

I regret being unable to attend the interesting services which you will have on that occasion, but am grateful for your invitation. My engagements here will keep me until next week, and make it difficult for me to be present.

But I assure you of my hearty sympathy with you in the commemorative services, and of my best wishes for the future prosperity of the grand old First Church in Boston.

Truly yours,

C. A. STAPLES,
Pastor of First Cong. Church, Providence, R. I.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — It gives me very great pleasure to accept the invitation of the First Church to attend the commemorative services on Thursday, Nov. 18th.

I am, with great respect,

J. LEWIS DIMAN.[1]

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 17, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — It is with bitter disappointment that I am obliged, in consequence of a slight indisposition, to say that it will not be in my power to attend the impressive anniversary services of the First Church to-morrow afternoon. No occasion for these many years has had such attractions for me, and, after receiving and accepting your kind invitation to be present, I had fully purposed to be with you; but my physician orders otherwise, and I must submit. But I am sure you will permit me to say how heartily my people and their minister rejoice with your ancient church at such an hour as this.

[1] FEB. 4, 1881. As this little volume is passing through the press there comes the sad intelligence that Dr. Diman died yesterday in Providence, R. I., after a very short illness. He was before all the Congregational ministers who are known as "orthodox," certainly in this neighborhood, in the offer of an exchange of pulpits to a Unitarian clergyman. At his invitation we took each the other's place, on Sunday, May 10, 1863, he officiating in First Church and I in his house of worship in Brookline. Dr. Diman was a frequent and most welcome preacher to our congregation, and the writer of this note was just proposing to invite him to take his place for a Sunday when the tidings came that he had been summoned hence. He is gone, but his work remains. Somewhere, if not here, "man is immortal until his work is done." — R. E.

May the close of the two hundred and fifty years to come find your successors as vigorous and earnest and happy as you all are to-day!

Cordially yours,

A. P. PUTNAM.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — It would give me very great pleasure to attend the anniversary exercises of the First Church, on Thursday, Nov. 18th, if my engagements on that day should permit. I fear, however, that I shall be debarred the privilege. The occasion must be one of the greatest interest, not only to the parish immediately concerned, but to all of our New England churches, and I shall certainly consider it a great loss to myself to be deprived of the pleasure of engaging in the commemoration.

Thanking the gentlemen of the Committee of Invitation for their kindness, I am

Very truly and faithfully yours,

A. WOODBURY,
Pastor of Westminster Church.

PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am very sorry that I shall not be able to leave home at the time of your church anniversary to which you so kindly invite me, for Nov. 18th, as I should enjoy the occasion and the meeting with the friends and brethren.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

THOMAS HILL.

Letter from Orville Dewey, D.D.

SHEFFIELD, MASS., Nov. 11, 1880.

Dr. Dewey regrets that his health will not permit him to attend the very interesting services to be held by the First Church of Boston on the 18th of November.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I accept with much pleasure the invitation of the members of the First Church of Boston to join with them in their commemorative services on Thursday, Nov. 18th.

To me the invitation is of special interest, because, in England, of my having had, at one point and another in my earlier life, to meet and judge that same stream of influence to escape which the Puritans left Old England and made for the Bay of Massachusetts.

I was born in a town from which, even because of his excellence, Richard Baxter was excluded, as you certainly would think, through the malicious operation of an act of Parliament. And it happened to me, also, at a month old, to be baptized in that same parish church at which once that great Christian was a minister. In Boston, as also in Salem and Roxbury, two hundred years ago, there was perhaps no name of a living Englishman which was dearer than that of the Rev. Richard Baxter. And that popularity was not without a good reason for it, apart from his having been the great controversialist of his day, and the largest religious writer of his time, and the author, in particular, of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest."

Two hundred and fifty years! and spent — all of them — like a tale that is told! Puritan and Psalmist, both alike as to that sense of life! However, in Boston, life has, with earnest living, turned to noble and enduring history. And the narrative has another effect and probably a grander moral than any tale ever had, told by an Eastern story-teller to fascinated listeners, whether at the gate of a city or out among the tents. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*, and because of what truth was in them, and because of the manner in which, with more or less clearness and certitude, they have lived by it from the beginning, it has happened to the people of Boston, under God, politically and largely also in other ways, that at this present time "there is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

I wish you all joy in your coming commemoration; and you have good reason to feel it.

I am yours faithfully,

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

FLORENCE, ITALY, Dec. 13, 1880.

DEAR MR. ELLIS, — Mr. Shattuck has kindly lent me his copy of the "Register," with your sermon on your late anniversary occasion, and the "Advertiser," with a report of all the doings. Let me congratulate you, not only on the success, but on the high tone of all the exercises. It must have been a happy and a proud time. I especially enjoyed your brother's speech and your sermon, with the closing paragraph of which I am heartily in sympathy. Both the historical and the spiritual chords were nobly struck, and their fine music will be heard far beyond the limits of Boston and the boundaries of Unitarianism. A better use of the occasion could not, in my judgment, have been made. I hope that all the proceedings will be published and widely distributed.

Faithfully yours,

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

LETTER FROM HON. G. W. CURTIS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am very sorry that it is impossible for me to accept the cordial invitation of the First Church in Boston to attend the celebration of its two hundred and fiftieth birthday.

As I think of its long and illustrious history, and of the profound influence upon America and the world which the First Church in Boston represents, I am glad to know that "time cannot wither her," and that her prosperity and liberality still symbolize the progressive Puritanism upon which America is built. Our fathers, indeed, came from many countries, and were of various faiths; but with all our differences of origin, and through all our history, from the deposition of Andros to Bunker Hill, and from the Declaration of Independence to the Proclamation of Emancipation, the dominant power in American civilization has been the genius of Puritan England.

May the First Church in Boston live and prosper, and may her five hundredth birthday find her and her cause, like Milton's

noble and puissant nation, "as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

Very truly yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FROM FORMER PARISHIONERS.

350 MARLBOROUGH ST., BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1880.

DEAR SIR, — I am obliged by your kind remembrance of me on the commemorative occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church, and if the infirmities of old age do not prevent me I shall have great pleasure in being present with you.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD REYNOLDS.

BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have just received the card of invitation to the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church, which it gives me much pleasure to accept.

As I was christened by the Rev. Mr. Emerson more than eighty years ago, and as my interest has always been reverently cherished for the old church, I shall certainly be present on the 18th instant.

Very truly yours,

CHAS. HICKLING.

ROXBURY, CEDAR SQUARE, Nov. 6, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I feel highly honored in receipt of your invitation to attend the commemorative services in honor of the First Church. I have a right to feel an interest in the occasion, as my father and mother attended said church, where I was christened, and also nine brothers and sisters. I am the only survivor of the family. It will give me great pleasure to attend.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. PARKMAN BLAKE.

BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1880.

To the Committee of the First Church, Boston.

GENTLEMEN, — Your official and cordial invitation to attend the commemorative services of the First Church, having been received, is gratefully acknowledged, and with great pleasure accepted.

Most respectfully yours,

LEWIS G. PRAY.

FROM A DESCENDANT OF JOHN COTTON.

9 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON, Nov. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am very much obliged for the invitation to attend the commemorative services in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the First Church, and will thankfully receive the admission ticket. As a lineal descendant of John Cotton, the second minister of the church, and of Governors Dudley and Bradstreet, who were among its first members, I feel a great interest in the celebration.

Yours truly,

JAMES W. AUSTIN.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company was represented by the commander and staff, and had time permitted would have been heard from on the occasion.

BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1880.

Hon. G. WASHINGTON WARREN.

DEAR SIR, — Permit me to thank your committee, in behalf of my command, for the invitation extended to myself and the officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to be present at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary exercises of your society on the 18th November. It will give us great pleasure to accept your polite invitation.

John Adams, in his writings upon government, more than once said that the four corner-stones of a State were "the town-meeting, the school, the church, and the militia."

Three of these corner-stones, represented by the First Church of Boston, Harvard College, and the Ancient and Honorable

Artillery Company, will meet at your anniversary after an existence of nearly two hundred and fifty years.

The first charter granted by the General Court of Massachusetts was to Harvard College, in 1636. The second, and for a very long time the only other, was to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, on the 17th of March, 1638.

Lewis, in his "History of Lynn," says: "1638, first Monday in June, A. and H. A. Company organized; between three and four P.M. there was a very great earthquake." What connection, if any, there may have been between these two circumstances I am unable to say. Perhaps to typify the *shock* of arms, or to *shake* our organization together so firmly that the march of time should bring with increasing years no sign of weakness or decay.

Our first commander, Robert Keayne, was a member of the Honorable Artillery Company of London.

He came to this country, it is thought, in 1634, and lived where the Old State House now stands. He was a man of very strong will, and he left one of the longest wills upon record.

He was received into Boston Church March 20, 1635–6.

He was a brother-in-law of the first pastor of your church, John Wilson, by whom the first sermon was preached to our corps.

I find, by our company's history, that nearly all the pastors that have been settled over your church have, in their time, preached our annual election sermon; and until 1868, with scarcely an exception, our services were held in your meeting-houses.

Thus the relation between two of the "corner-stones" of our old Commonwealth — the church and the militia — is very near; and it seems appropriate as well as very pleasant to us who will represent the latter, still young and vigorous in its wealth of years, to join with you in this the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the former, your venerable and revered society.

It is the intention of our company to prepare a suitable box to contain an account of our participation in the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of our city and other matters connected with the history of the corps, together with letters missive from distinguished writers upon the most important interests of the day, the box to be opened one hundred years hence.

Should it be the wish of your committee, we would be pleased

to deposit therein the memorial of your church history which I understand is to be prepared.

In conclusion, let us fervently hope that the precepts taught by the church may so permeate our beloved country that the active services of the militia shall seldom be needed.

Yours very truly,

CHAS. W. STEVENS,
Commander A. and H. A. Company.

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82 WATER ST., ROOM 10, BOSTON, Nov. 11, 1880.

RUFUS ELLIS, D.D., Pastor of the First Church, Boston, Mass.

DEAR SIR, — My attention has been called to the proposed celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the First Church.

We find that the founder of our company, Robert Keayne, was, on the 17th day of March, 1638, ordered by Governor John Winthrop to organize "The Military Company of the Massachusetts." (*Previous* to 1738 the name was changed to "Honorable Artillery Company," same as the London Company, of which Robert Keayne was a member before he came to this country, and again in 1738 to Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.)

On the first Monday in June, 1638, Rev. John Wilson, brother-in-law of Robert Keayne, preached the first election sermon before the company, and we suppose that he preached in his own meeting-house. With hardly an exception, save eight years during the Revolution, from 1638 to this time, the Artillery election sermon has been annually preached, and, until the removal of the First Church from Chauncy Place, was preached for the whole or a very large part of the time in the meeting-house of the First Church.

Thinking that the historic connection of our company with the First Church may not have attracted your attention, I have taken the liberty of referring to it; and it might not be inappropriate that our commander, officers' staff, and past commanders should be present at your anniversary, and that your proceedings be transmitted with our collection.

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD WYMAN.

CARBON PHOTO. ALLEN & ROWELL

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

COVENANT OF FIRST CHURCH.

In the name of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and in obedience to his holy will and divine ordinance, —

We, whose names are hereunder written, being by His most wise and good providence brought together into this part of America, in the Bay of Massachusetts; and desirous to unite ourselves into one Congregation or Church under the Lord Jesus Christ, our head, in such sort as becometh all those whom he hath redeemed and sanctified to himself, — do hereby solemnly and religiously (as in his most holy presence) promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the gospel, and in all sincere conformity to his holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect each to other, so near as God shall give us grace.

John Winthrop, *Governor.*
Thomas Dudley, *D. Governor.*
Isaack Johnson.
John Wilson.

ROLL OF THE MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

John Wilson. Installed as teacher, Aug. 27, 1630; as pastor, Nov. 23, 1632. Died Aug. 7, 1667, aged 78.

John Cotton. Installed as teacher, Oct. 17, 1633. Died Dec. 23, 1652, aged 67.

John Norton. Installed as teacher, July 23, 1656. Died April 5, 1663, aged 57.

John Davenport. Installed as teacher, Dec. 9, 1668. Died Mar. 15, 1670, aged 72.

JAMES ALLEN. Installed as teacher, Dec. 9, 1668. Died Sept. 22, 1710, aged 78.

JOHN OXENBRIDGE. Installed as teacher, April 10, 1670. Died Dec. 28, 1674, aged 65.

JOSHUA MOODY. Installed as assistant, May 3, 1684. Died July 4, 1697, aged 65.

JOHN BAILEY. Installed as assistant, July 17, 1693. Died Dec. 12, 1697, aged 53.

BENJAMIN WADSWORTH. Ordained Sept. 8, 1696; chosen President of Harvard College, 1725. Died Mar. 12, 1737, aged 67.

THOMAS BRIDGE. Installed May 10, 1705. Died Sept. 26, 1715, aged 58.

THOMAS FOXCROFT. Ordained Nov. 20, 1717. Died June 18, 1769, aged 72.

CHARLES CHAUNCY, D.D. Ordained Oct. 25, 1727. Died Feb. 10, 1787, aged 82.

JOHN CLARK, D.D. Ordained July 8, 1778. Died April 1, 1798, aged 42.

WILLIAM EMERSON. Installed Oct. 16, 1799. Died May 12, 1811, aged 42.

JOHN L. ABBOT. Ordained July 14, 1813. Died Oct. 17, 1814, aged 31.

NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D. Ordained Mar. 15, 1815. Resigned March, 1850.

RUFUS ELLIS, D.D. Installed May 4, 1853.

FORMER HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

The first house of worship was erected on State Street, corner of Devonshire, site of the present Brazer's Building, A.D. 1632. Upon the land in the rear, now known as the Prince estate, were horse-sheds used by those who rode to church.

The second was built on the present site of Joy's Building, on Washington Street, then called Cornhill, A.D. 1640, and was consumed by fire, Oct. 2, 1711. Rebuilt on the same spot, A.D. 1713, and for many years known as the "Old Brick," a very imposing structure.

The fourth was erected in Chauncy Place, A.D. 1808. Services were held in it for the last time, May 10, 1868.

The corner-stone of the present house of worship was laid April 4, 1867, and the house was dedicated Dec. 10, 1868. The church holds it free of debt, and it may aptly be said to realize the vision of John Wilson.

THE COMMUNION PLATE.

The following is a description prepared by the late Rev. Dr. Frothingham of the pieces of communion plate given to the church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Other pieces have been given during the present century, the whole service being composed of the gifts of church-members. The church proper, or the body of communicants, holds also charity funds amounting in all to nearly $20,000.

1. A silver basin for baptisms, with a coat of arms engraved on the rim, and "J. Hurd" stamped in the centre.

2. A flagon, with a coat of arms engraved in front, and an inscription underneath: "The Gift of the Hon^{ble} William Dummer Esq. to the First Church in Boston, 1726."

3. A similar flagon, with the inscription within an ornamented oval: "The Gift of Deacon Thomas Waite to the First Church of Christ in Boston, May 15, 1775."

4. A tall embossed cup, with engraving and figures in relief, and this inscription written round the rim: "The Gift of Governor Jn^{o} Winthrop to y^{e} 1^{t} Church in Boston."

5. Three ornamented cups, lettered on the sides: "The Gift of Elder Joseph Bridgham to the First Church in Boston, 1708."

6. A similar cup, with the inscription on the side: "The Gift of James Everitt to the First Church in Boston, 1705."

8. A plain cup, with this inscription: "The Gift of a Friend R * H." These letters, B) ^{T} (C, also are faintly visible. Date, 1661, written on the bottom.

11. Three large plain cups, inscribed, "The Gift of Jn^{o} Oxenbridge."

12. A pair of cups, engraved on one side with a coat of arms, and on the other with this inscription in an ornamented cartouche: "The Gift of Mrs. Lydia Hancock to the First Church of Christ in Boston, Sept. 4, 1773."

17. A pair of tankards, lettered, "The Gift of Sam^{ll} More to the First Church in Boston, 1717."

18 Another tankard, a cartouche in front with the inscription: "The Gift of Nathaniel Balston Esq. to the First Church of Christ in Boston, 1773." On the handle are the initials, N. $^{B.}$ H.

19 Another tankard, with the inscription in an ornamented cartouche: "The Gift of Madam Eliz: Welsteed to the First Church in Boston, 1752." Initials on the handle, W. $^{W.}$ E.

20. A pair of cans, with a coat of arms engraved on the front, and underneath the inscription: "The Gift of Deacon Jonathan Williams to the First Church of Christ in Boston, at his decease, March 27, 1737."

21. A can, inscribed, "The Gift of John Forland to the First Church of Christ in Boston, for the use of the Table, 1717."

22. Two massy tumblers, enchased, with the letters, B $^{T.}$ C., one of them bearing the date 1659 under the initials.

23. A vase, figured with birds and flowers, bearing on the bottom the initials, R. $^{S.}$ E.

26. Four dishes, with the inscription round their rims: "Given by Suviah Thayer, in testimony of her respect for the First Church of Christ in Boston. A.D. 1796."

USHERS ON THE DAY OF COMMEMORATION.

S. Henry Hooper.	John S. Tebbetts.
E. Pelham Dodd.	Henry G. French.
Henry G. Hall	Charles Pfaff.
Joseph W. Warren.	Frederic B. Holder.
Charles H. Whiting.	John F. Moors.

George R. R. Rivers.

ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

OF THE

FIFTH HOUSE OF WORSHIP OF THE FIRST CHURCH,

By Rev. RUFUS ELLIS, Minister of the Church,

April 4, 1867 (Fast Day).

The First Church of Christ in Boston lays to-day the corner-stone of its fifth house of worship.

In the summer of the year of our Lord 1630, the fathers of the congregation met under the shelter of a wide-spreading tree for their first public act of worship ; and, for the space of about two years, the company of disciples broke bread from house to house. Upon the return from England of their first pastor, the Rev. John Wilson, they erected a simple building of wood and earth, not unlike the log-cabins of our Western world, and, until 1640, sheltered therein the ark of God. This very humble sanctuary stood on the south side of what is now known as State Street. The congregation then passed first to a wooden, and afterwards to a brick, meeting-house on the spot which is now covered by Joy's Building, where they remained until the 21st of July, 1808, when their pastor, the Rev. William Emerson, preached the dedication sermon of the present house of worship on Chauncy Street, and the workmen commenced the demolition of what had been known since 1713, first as the Brick Meeting-house, and, with the lapse of years, as the Old Brick Meeting-house.

It has been thought that the interests of the congregation would be promoted by another removal. Therefore we are here to-day, and have already asked the blessing of God upon our

new and serious undertaking. It is fitting that a few words should be spoken concerning the trust which the God of our fathers has committed to our keeping.

I need not remind you that, however little it may have cost us, this inheritance was bought for us at a great price. Men and women do not cross the stormy sea and found a city in the wilderness and amongst savages, to keep holiday. The planting of this church was to our fathers a very serious business; the Christian congregation was to them the very heart of their Commonwealth; and, however much we may garnish their sepulchres, and set up tablets to their memory, we really put them to open shame unless we fill up what is behind of their honorable labors and patient endurance. And, if we will enter into their earnest spirit, we shall make haste to say that our trust from them is twofold, that we have to keep, living and fresh and growing in the world, two great traditions, — two and yet one, for the two agree in one, — the tradition of Christianity and the tradition of freedom in Christianity. Our fathers planted this church because they were Christians, because their religion was more to them than anything and everything else in the world; and they planted it in the wilderness, leaving their pleasant English homes because they were Christians, according to that word in Christ which is not bound.

Now, as of old, in laying this corner-stone, we repeat the old baptismal words. We say, "In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost," and "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ," in whom we have the absolute manifestation and the ever-abiding presence and the ever-redeeming power of that God who is love, that God who in the life of his Son has opened his whole heart to the world, and completed in him all the religious and moral possibilities of our humanity, so that no man can add anything unto him, or take anything from him. Following this Dayspring from on high, our fathers crossed the ocean. We have this day, and we desire to have, no other guidance. We ask for no church save the church of Christ and of his Holy Spirit, still and evermore proceeding. The heart of humanity still saith, as earnestly and affectionately as ever, nay, with ever-deepening

enthusiasm, as the burden of civilization presses more and more heavily, "Lord, unto whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

And even because this word from heaven was so altogether sufficient, and so altogether blessed unto them, our fathers must needs hold it as it was in the beginning, is now, and evermore shall be, in freedom from all human devices, prescriptions, and imaginations. They had heard the word of the Apostle speaking to them also in the latter days: "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again in any yoke of bondage." He seemed to be saying to them, in their peculiar circumstances and with their peculiar temptations, "If you conform as of obligation to the rituals of the outward church, Christ shall profit you nothing;" and they left their own houses, like the old patriarch, to walk with God in Christ, though they knew that his way would be in the sea, and his path through the great waters, and that their feet would be pierced with desert thorns. We believe that as adherents to an unbound Christianity, a Christianity that hears none but Christ, and is not careful to get any human indorsement of its orthodoxy, we are the legitimate children of the fathers of this church. We believe that we stand, if not precisely where they stood in that day, yet substantially where they would have stood to-day, ready to follow the well-instructed scribe, spoken of by our Saviour, who brings forth from the treasury things new and old, to accept with them whatever was real and vital in what is called their orthodoxy, all the old verities of Christian history and Christian experience; and yet equally ready to interpret these verities according to that word of the Apostle which bids us add knowledge to our faith, — in modern phrase, science to religion, — and those greater words of Jesus, "Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" and "Sanctify them by thy truth."

It is with profound satisfaction that we reflect that our liberty also is an inheritance. Let me remind you of some striking words of Mr. Edmund Burke, and lay claim to them as fulfilled in us. "It has been," he says, "the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties as an entailed inheritance,

devised to us from our fathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity. This idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. In what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom; it carries an imposing and majestic aspect; it has a pedigree and illustrating ancestors; it has its bearings and ensigns armorial; it has its gallery of portraits, its monumental inscriptions, its records, evidences, and titles."

We rebuild our church, if not our house of worship, on the old foundations. Our church covenant is the fathers' covenant. We have no desire, no purpose, to change a word or so much as a letter of it; but we do hope to gain a deeper interpretation, and to come into a larger and better use of the truth which it seeks to express. We hope to rear a building that shall shelter many generations of Christian disciples, worshippers, believers, workers; a multitude ready to receive the truth as from time to time it shall break forth, beautiful as the morning light, from the word of God, ready to carry forward the special work of Christ as it shall be discovered from time to time in this city of our affections, ready to meet Him in whom mercy rejoiceth against judgment, and whose word can be believed, and whose law is fulfilled only in love.

It is a custom of great antiquity to lay the corner-stone of every public structure with religious observances. The historian Tacitus tells us that silver and gold and the less precious metals, all unwrought but in great profusion, were laid under the corner-stone of the old Roman Capitol an offering to the gods of the nations. Following the same spirit, but guided by a higher wisdom, and looking for a nobler habitation, we have begun our work with prayer to God, and with these commemorative words; depositing also for the eyes of those who shall come after us, in what we trust will be a very distant age, a few memorials of the swiftly passing hour.

We believe that our work has been well begun, and that it is in the hands of men whom the Lord hath made wise-hearted to devise and to execute, even as when the Hebrews fashioned the tabernacle in the wilderness. May it go forward until we shall raise the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, "Grace, grace unto it!" May it go forward in all integrity and in all charity, and in remembrance of the good word of old, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and to that Lord, the "King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory, through Jesus Christ, forever and ever. Amen."

DESCRIPTION OF CHURCH AND CHAPEL WINDOWS.

The windows in the church, although exhibiting a variety in treatment and handling, which greatly enhances their interest, are all constructed upon the same principle, being of what is called mosaic glass-work as distinguished from enamel painting. They are elevated high above the eye, to avoid disagreeable cross-lights. They are all filled with English glass, executed in London, in accordance with the architects' sketches. Seven in the church and two in the chapel are the gifts of members of the society. The church windows, though the work of different makers, all follow the same general design. A broad border surrounds a central field of ornamental work, the upper part of which is occupied by the half figure of an angel in a circle. Near the bottom of each window is a figure, subject, or picture extending across both the ornament and the borders. The subjects of those in the body of the church are "St. John at the Last Supper," by Messrs. Lyon & Co.; "The Syro-Phœnician Woman," by Messrs. Saunders & Co.; and "The Good Samaritan," executed by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne. This window is erected "In memory of John Eliot Thayer." The window opposite this represents the Transfiguration, with the three disciples in the foreground and above the figure of Christ, in a glory of the form of a *vesica piscis*, with Moses and Elias. This window was the gift of the late Mr. Turner Sargent. At

either end of the transepts are similar windows, but of much greater size, being nearly twenty feet high. Those in the north transept contain full-length figures, about the size of life, of St. John and St. Paul. The subjects beneath are "The Women and the Angel at the Sepulchre" and the "Departure of Paul from Ephesus." The St. John window is erected "In memory of Peter Chardon Brooks." The St. Paul window is erected "In memory of Thomas Beale Wales." The south transept is occupied by windows of similar size, containing, in the place of the Apostles opposite, inscriptions relating to the history of the church. On one is the ancient covenant under which the church was gathered in 1630, signed by Governor Winthrop, Governor Dudley, "and ninety others, men and women." Beneath is the "Vision of the Man of Macedonia," — the carrying of the gospel into Europe having been considered by the founders of this church as the prototype of its introduction into America, the text "Come over and help us" occurring in the original seal of the Colony. The other window contains a list of the ministers of the church during the two hundred and fifty years since its foundation. Beneath are figures of the four Evangelists. These four windows are by Messrs. Lavers, Barraud, and Westlake. The other windows were furnished out of the funds of the society, and consist for the most part merely of decorative work. The great Rose, however, at the end of the church, over the entrance, contains in the centre a figure of the Lamb, and about it a choir of angels singing and playing upon various instruments. In the north transept is also a small window, nearly on a level with the eye, containing, in four compartments, the story of the Prodigal Son. All these windows are the work of Messrs. Clayton & Bell, also of London.

The two stained windows in the chapel are products of America, and have been given since the completion of the church. Unfortunately the conditions of the light are not favorable to the fullest development of their color. They are interesting specimens of the ultra-mosaic system. It would be difficult to find pictorial windows of a like importance, in which the brush had been less sparingly used. The central composition of the right-hand window, "In memory of Fanny Cabot Paine," repre-

sents St. Christopher fording the stream with the infant Christ on his shoulder. The effect is that of pale starlight. In the execution of this window, the so-called "rolled" glass has been almost exclusively employed. In both figures and ornament the line alone has been employed to indicate form. This window was set up in 1879.

The left-hand window, "In memory of Gurdon Saltonstall," set up in 1880, is devoted to incidents in the life of David; the central composition depicting him as he descends into the valley to meet the Philistine giant and calling on the Lord for help. This figure is carefully modelled by the "stippling" process. The other figures and accessories are less elaborately treated.

The "antique" glass has been employed throughout, and is of the richest description. The leadings are delicate and frequent. Both windows were designed and supervised by Frederic Crowninshield, and were executed by Donald McDonald.

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